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ALPHEUS SPRING PACKARD

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A. S. Packard

Memorial

ALPHEUS SPRING PACKARD

1798—1884

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PREFATORY NOTE.

This volume has arisen from a desire to preserve in book form a memorial of a long and honored career entirely given to the service of the college. To select from the large store of material suited to this purpose has been a difficult task. For reasons that need not be mentioned, it has been thought best to use only what was said in memory of Professor Packard at Brunswick, the scene of his life work. To these tributes have been added, at the request of friends, two of his own addresses, each in its way characteristic of the man. A short biographical sketch has been prefixed in order to present in connected form the outlines of the life, and to supplement at certain points the addresses which treat more fully of its character and influence.

GEORGE T. LITTLE.

Bowdoin College, May 14, 1886.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Among the sevenscore passengers which the ship Diligence brought to New England in 1638 was Samuel Packard of Wymondham, in Norfolk County. His great-grandson, through his son Zaccheus and his grandson Solomon, was Jacob Packard, the father of Rev. Hezekiah Packard, D.D., and the grand parent of the subject of this sketch. The lives and characters of these earlier generations—all natives or residents of Bridgewater, Mass.,—were of the type their Bible names suggest, and were marked by no small share of the virtue commemorated by the vessel which bore the first of the name to this country. The aphorism which Professor Packard's grandmother gave her son as he left home to serve in the revolutionary army, "Praying will cause thee to leave sinning, and sinning will cause thee to leave praying," would indicate that the piety that characterized the later generations has not been a mushroom growth.

Alpheus Spring Packard, the eldest son of Hezekiah and Mary Packard* was born at Chelmsford, Mass., December 23, 1798. He was not less fortunate in his maternal than in his paternal ancestry. His mother was a woman of marked culture and refinement. Her father, for whom he was named, the Reverend

*Owing to the extended notice of Professor Packard's parents, on pages 44–7, it has not been thought necessary to make further mention of them here.

Alpheus Spring,—a descendant of John Spring, one of the original proprietors of Watertown, Mass.,—graduated at Princeton in 1766, was settled over the west parish in Kittery, now Eliot, Me., and died there at the age of forty-six, after a pastorate of twenty-three years. His wife was Sarah, daughter of Hon. Simon Frost, a graduate of Harvard in 1729, and long in public life, and of Mary Sewall, a descendant of Henry Sewall, who came from Coventry, England, in 1634, and became the founder of the well-known New England family of this name.

Although Professor Packard was a native of Massachusetts, yet his father's removal in 1802 to Wiscasset, Me., obliges one to look to the latter place, which was afterward his home until he settled in his life-work at Brunswick, for those influences of social life and physical surroundings that exert so great power over the formative period of boyhood. The character and extent of these have been elsewhere described, and space allows a picture of but one from the many features of his childhood life. Fortunately it is drawn by his own pen.*

"We can not forget those winter Sabbaths in that old structure; its front door, without shelter, opening into the east wind and snow; its floor a stranger from first to last to the comfort of carpet, except it may be in the more pretentious pews; the fierce rattling of the windows when the winds were high, sometimes almost overpowering the ordinary voice of the preacher; and the preacher himself delivering his message in surtout cloak and black silk gloves. We recall the look to us children of the mas-

*The following is taken from the "Address delivered on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of the Congregational Church at Wiscasset, August 6, 1873."

sive sounding-board over the minister's head, our wonderment as to what contrivance kept it there, and the consequences of its possible fall; the seat against the wall at the head of the pulpit stairway, occupied by the old Hessian soldier, Webber, with flowing gray locks, and, after he had ceased from attendance on the earthly sanctuary, by Deacon Rice's dog, who, in spite all efforts to keep him at home, never failed to attend church and maintained for years possession of the broad stair with great decorum, never disturbing the quiet of the place, unless, if my memory is not at fault, he at first manifested impatience at the deep and threatening tones of the bass-viol."

The week-days at Wiscasset were well filled with study under his father's direction, with the chores that always fall to the lot of a lad living upon a farm, and to a much less extent with the sports which sea-shore boys never find wearisome. From this busy, well guarded home life he went in his thirteenth year to Exeter, N. H., to finish his preparation for college at Phillips Academy, then, as now, in the foremost rank of fitting schools. Of the privileges he there enjoyed, Professor Packard spoke in grateful acknowledgment and a most pleasant vein of reminiscence at the centennial celebration of the institution in 1883. In regard to the use he made of these privileges, the testimony can be cited of his famous classmate, George Bancroft, who writes: "Strong and healthy, sober-minded and industrious, and in his studies very successful, he bore a high character every way; he was at home on the play-ground as well as at his books."

The following year, September, 1812, young Packard, having passed his examination in the Greek Testament, Virgil, Cicero, and the four rules of Arithmetic,

became a Freshman in Bowdoin College. The life of the undergraduate then bore on many sides a far different aspect from that it wears now. He studied and slept in plain, unpainted and uncarpeted rooms, heated only by an open fire; he ate at "Commons" fare which was the subject of constant complaint; he attended prayers at sunrise and sunset in a chapel guiltless of register or steam pipe; he recited in private rooms, save in Senior year, when, for the morning recitation, Professor Cleaveland's lecture room, with its blazing fire upon the hearth, was sought with eagerness that often resulted in a race between the devotees of science and the seekers for a comfortable seat. For sport, he played foot-ball on the campus, swam in the Androscoggin, shot pigeons and picked blueberries on the plains, and had his favorite walks to "Consecrated Rock" and "Paradise."

Of the studies he pursued while an undergraduate, he gives the following account: *

"My first recitation was in Sallust which was followed in the Latin department by the odes of Horace. Our Greek, as also during the Sophomore and Junior years, was '*Graeca Majora*,' and our mathematics was 'Webber's Arithmetic.' Our class was the first to study Hebrew, but without points, 'Willard's Grammar,' and the 'Psalter,' thus following the curriculum of Harvard. President Appleton took our class in the Sophomore year for a short time in the satires and epistles of Horace. 'Hedge's Logic' was a Sophomore, and 'Locke on the Human Understanding,' a Junior Study, both committed to a tutor. In the Senior year, Stewart's 'Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind' comprised, with Locke of the year before, our metaphysics, and 'Paley's Evidences' and 'Butler's Analogy,' our course in Chris-

* In his College Reminiscences, p. 88, of History of Bowdoin College.

tian evidences, which, under President Appleton, left ineffaceable impressions. We read Forensics before the class, under President Appleton, on subjects suggested by our studies. Enfield's 'Natural Philosophy,' Chemistry, and Mineralogy, were all under charge of Professor Cleaveland. In the Senior year, 'Burlamaqui on Natural and Politic Law,' was a text-book, recited to a tutor."

This course of study was pursued with his customary faithfulness, and he graduated in 1816, delivering at Commencement the Latin Salutatory, a part then assigned to the second scholar of the class. He spent the interval between the conferring of the bachelor's and the master's degree, in teaching, first as assistant at Gorham Academy, then under the charge of Rev. Reuben Nason; afterwards at his Wiscasset home; again for a longer period at Bucksport, where he met with marked success, and, still later as principal of Hallowell Academy. From the last position, occupied for only a few months, he was called to be a tutor at Bowdoin in 1819. During the next five years the most eminent men the college has ever sent forth, enjoyed his instruction. Of its faithfulness and conscientiousness no testimony can be needed after Longfellow's famous tribute.

In 1824 Mr. Packard was chosen Professor of the Latin and Greek languages. In his inaugural address, on the manner in which the classics should be taught, delivered a few months after his appointment, occurs this sentence: "Like faithful guides, we are to show the pupil the most direct path to knowledge, and become the companions of his way, pointing out to him as he advances, whatever may animate and allure, and

leading him to the most favorable points whence he may view all that is grand and beautiful in the extensive field of human knowledge." How successfully he carried out this simple, yet comprehensive ideal, they alone can fully realize, who have some knowledge of the traditionary method of classical study, from which Professor Packard broke aloof. His habit was not to dwell upon minute philological and grammatical details, though these were by no means neglected, but to unfold and illustrate the thought of the author. His recitations were also enlivened and enriched by occasional lectures carefully prepared to stimulate the student's appreciation of classical style, and the literary and historical relations of the text. This long professorship of the ancient languages extending to 1865, was varied for three years, 1842–1845, by the addition of the duties of the chair of Rhetoric and Oratory.

In 1864 Professor Packard was appointed to the Collins Professorship of Natural and Revealed Religion, a chair which he held to the close of his life. For nearly two-thirds of this period the undergraduates continued to enjoy his instruction in the recitation room. Well does the writer remember the eagerness with which the intercourse with him, who had questioned successive classes for half a century, was looked forward to, and the popularity which Paley's Evidences and Butler's Analogy possessed among the Senior studies by reason of the instructor. But the duty connected with this chair, which he performed to the very last, with remarkable felicity, was the conduct of chapel services. From the dedication of the chapel to

the close of his life, his voice was to be heard leading in prayer those there assembled.

His public efforts for the spiritual growth of the students, were not confined to these more formal ministrations. How much good was accomplished by his constant attendance upon the prayer-meetings of the undergraduates, and by the helpful thoughts and earnest petitions he there uttered, cannot be known in this world. Still more important and wide-spread, perhaps, was the influence exerted by the Saturday evening lectures, which through his efforts and those of others, were continued for a series of years. In these lectures he presented moral and religious truths in their bearing upon student life and character, with great impressiveness and fidelity, and with that felicity of illustration and appeal which characterized his preaching.

Professor Packard's methodical industry enabled him while performing with the utmost faithfulness all college duties, to take a large part of the work in town and parish, which naturally falls to the public spirited citizen and the conscientious Christian. At the annual town meeting, he was an earnest and influential supporter of every movement looking to the advancement of the interests of the community. While not like his friend Professor Smyth, a prominent leader in the anti-slavery cause, which for so many years agitated town and state, as well as the nation, he gave to it his sincere sympathy and practical support. The temperance movement, from the first, received the aid of his voice and example. It was naturally in the educational work of the community, however, that he was most

prominent. Chosen a member of the school committee in 1831, with a comparatively short interruption in 1840 and following years, he continued upon that board till 1870. Most of the printed reports issued during that period, were from his pen.

It was in the church that Professor Packard's influence made itself still more widely felt. In view of the tribute elsewhere given to his labors in this field, reference need be made here only to his service for quarter of a century, as superintendent of the Sunday School, a position for which his interest in youth as well as in education admirably fitted him. A member of the school speaks of "his quickness in seeing the face of a new scholar, his interest in the little ones, and the brief story or anecdote gleaned during the week, which he read at the close of the exercises."

No account of Professor Packard's life, however brief, can omit allusion to his pulpit ministrations. They extended over a period of forty years. His name first occurs in the list of the clergymen of the State in 1844. He was regularly ordained May 16, 1850, and preached often during the next two decades. There are few churches of his denomination in the State—that could be reached without unduly prolonged absence from Brunswick—but have listened with pleasure and profit to his discourses. Nothing could better testify to the esteem in which they held him than his appointment to deliver the commemorative address on the occasion of their semi-centennial anniversary, and the discourse then delivered shows by its intimate and extensive knowledge of the life and

work of both pastors and churches the eminent fitness of the selection made.

Six years after the incorporation of the Maine Historical Society, Alpheus S. Packard was chosen a member. That membership was an active one. For forty-five years he was librarian and cabinet keeper. Of the eight volumes of collections published by the society, he was a contributor to two, and the joint editor of a third. It was indeed fitting that this society should celebrate the 84th anniversary of his birth in a manner that made the occurrence one of the pleasantest occasions of his long life. In this connection should be mentioned his membership in the Royal Historical Society, the New York Historical Society, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

It was in the college library that the later graduates of Bowdoin came to know Professor Packard personally. To many of them it is hard to realize the permanent absence of his familiar form, sitting at his table in the old leather upholstered chair, the story of which he could sometimes be prevailed upon to tell, and of the quick, keen glance he would turn upon each new comer until the latter came near enough for recognition, when this would change into a half smile which lit up wondrously his kindly countenance. The interest he manifested in personal contact with the undergraduates was not inferior to the zeal he showed in assisting their investigations whenever asked.

It is not the province of this sketch to enter the privacy of Professor Packard's home life. It is, however, well known that few if any family circles were

pleasanter than his. Many a graduate can testify to the warm sympathy as well as generous hospitality which the ladies of his household extended to so many. He married in 1827 Frances E., daughter of President Appleton, who died in 1839, leaving five children: Charles A. (Bowdoin College, 1848), a practicing physician in Bath; William A. (Bowdoin College, 1851), Professor of Latin and Science of Language in the College of New Jersey, Princeton; George L.; Alpheus S. (Bowdoin College, 1861), Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in Brown University; Frances A. He married in 1844 Mrs. C. W. McLellan of Portland, who survives. The only child by this marriage, Robert L. (Bowdoin College, 1868), is connected with the Bureau of Education at Washington.

On the resignation of General Chamberlain in the summer of 1883, Professor Packard was appointed acting President of the college. Relieved of many of the cares and labors of the position by his colleague, Professor Chapman, who was at the same time made Dean of the Faculty, this last year of his life passed away quietly and pleasantly. The public duties of his office were discharged during Commencement week with his wonted grace and dignity. The following Sunday, July 13, 1884, he died suddenly and almost painlessly of heart disease at Squirrel Island, where he had gone with several members of his family on a pleasure excursion.*

*A fuller account of his last days may be found on pages 15 and 32.

ADDRESS

BY GEN. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN, LL.D.*

It has been thought proper that I should say a few words on this occasion, as one associated with our departed friend in every relation of college office, and during the whole period of my active life.

I had expected others to speak before me, and for you. I am not here to attempt to voice the sorrow of this great assembly; or to speak of all the varied interests that are touched by this afflictive dispensation. Too little worthy is the little I can say.

It were fitting surely that the college, which is so largely bereaved, should appear among those who bear testimony, and offer the last tributes of affection.

This is not, however, the occasion where we can attempt to portray his character; nor bring to view all his varied and efficient service; nor recount the reasons for our loving him, and carrying the memory of him forward into the coming years. This will be done, doubtless, at a more befitting time, and fitly done. Now it is only for us to utter broken notes; expressive only of our sudden sorrow, long dreaded and yet hoped against, which reason and understanding have scarcely been sufficient to restrain our loving hearts from putting off as concerning one not subject unto death.

It is impossible to note, even briefly, such a career,

*This address was delivered at the public funeral services in the Congregational Church, Brunswick, July 15, 1884.

and not remark certain habits of conduct which have become traits of character; or rather perhaps I should say, certain cherished principles, which have unfolded and expanded into consummate action. If I might use a phrase and a language both learned of him, I would ascribe to him in all its breadth of acceptation, that of the master historian,—"*incorrupta fides*"; uncorrupted faith; incorruptible fidelity; unswerving loyalty. Nothing could move Professor Packard from his conviction; nor make him betray or neglect a trust.

His practical tests of conduct were so sharp as to make his judgments sometimes seem perhaps severe. A characteristic remark I have several times heard him make, when some person of responsible station had committed an act apparently dictated by selfish considerations, and which I have sometimes ventured to remonstrate against as too sweeping;—too broad an induction from too narrow a premise,—comes now, I confess, to appear more just, as maturer observation makes clearer the tests of character: "I have no respect for him," Professor Packard would say. It was not narrow. It was that in the act he reprobated, he saw the decisive test of truth. In such cases the fault was of such nature as to show something wrong at the centre, something corrupt at the fountain of character.

His loyalty to the college was of a type which belongs to the heroic days,—"*virtute ac fide antiqua.*" The college was his absorbing thought,—I shall be pardoned if I say, his absorbing earthly love. It was the Jerusalem which he preferred above his chief joy. He could not see how anybody could allow anything to

stand before the college in estimation; not the highest prizes of life, nor the dearest joys.

He was not of sanguine temperament. I used sometimes to think he erred in underestimating or understating his case when it concerned himself or the excellences of the college, and have even hinted to him of the frequent strain in his remarks or prayers, which seemed almost to depreciate our means of usefulness. But things achieved seemed to him always little,—the present a narrow place; his eyes were ever looking forward for ampler instrumentalities and larger labors.

Especially sensitive was he as to his own work in the college in later years. More than once has he put his resignation into our hands, with utmost sincerity and silent sadness. But we well knew that for all his faithful service, these days were his best days for us and for him; that he never was doing the college better service than when he was binding all the graduates together, by the bond of a common recognition of him as the centre of all our happiest memories, and when he went in and out before us in the great influence and example which is the better part of teaching.

May I not rightly also speak of him here as a gentleman, a character inestimable at this day, in the college as in the community? How truly like him it was —thoughtful always of others more than of himself— when he said with labored breath, and almost his last, "I am sorry to give you this trouble!" Ah, did he but know it, it is not loving care of him that gave any of us trouble, but it is that we can offer it no longer.

We know not how to do without him in the college or in the town. Well did one say to me yesterday: "The world does not seem the world without Professor Packard." "We thought it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," said the bewildered disciples of the Master withdrawn from their gaze. So we had come almost to think Professor Packard's very presence a pledge of the prosperity and triumph of the college.

It was significant, too, to see how the little children loved him. They know whom to love. Stern and judicial as he might have seemed, there was a patience, a meekness, a charity, which made the larger atmosphere of his life, and spread in his evening sky, an almost unearthly glory. He walked among us with feet already anointed as for his burial, and in his form and face the light as of the coming transfiguration.

Wonderfully befitting was the consummation. He had fulfilled the largest and the longest service; he held now the highest honors. How gracefully, with what brightness and self-possession and dignity, he carried through the onerous duties and somewhat trying ceremonies which pertain to the presidential office, you all are witnesses. How remarkable the prayer he offered at the close of Commencement! How happy a thing it was that so many graduates were here! How beautiful his reception of them in the home whence the labor of so many years had gone forth for their instruction! Long will linger the benediction of that last good-night,—greeting and parting. A finished course;

a completed work; a consummate life! Nay, more than this. He had passed the goal, and wore the crown ere yet the race was wholly run. Years usually allotted to Heaven, were vouchsafed to earth; and we received him as one who was indeed citizen of another country than ours,—an ambassador resident, bringing with him the laws and sanctions of his own country.

Nothing could be more beautiful and perfect than his going:—seeking enlargement of scene rather than rest, which he scarcely seemed to need; by the shores near which he was reared, and by the airs and waters of the sea, which drew his long gaze towards the invisible bounds; surrounded by those whose loving ministries had stayed up his hands in the battle-prayer of life; and as was befitting on a Sabbath day, we here at home the meantime wondering at the unaccustomed vacant pew, while his kinsman* as if divinely led, preached to us of the Transfigured Body:—and he, having shared and deeply enjoyed the service of the little church where he was, thereupon seemed borne away of angels into the other Sabbath.

This is not death; there are no broken columns. One sphere of life fulfilled, God took him higher. Walking by the shore of the sea, he walked on! And we who can go no further with him, weep for that; sorrowing most of all that we shall see his face no more.

[*Rev. E. N. Packard, of Dorchester, Mass. The sermon was from the words, (Matt. xvii : 1-2), "And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them."]

POEM

BY SAMUEL V. COLE, A.M.*

I.

Ah! but yesterday we saw him there in the familiar place,
Where he welcomed all as children with his old-time courtly grace;
But we knew not it was Heaven that was shining on his face.

II.

Light was nearer than we thought it, for to-day we come and find
He has passed beyond the shadows that had made our eyes so blind;
And his more than fourscore summers are a golden trail behind.

III.

Walking by the narrow margin that divides the sea and land
Of the Here and the Hereafter, he beheld, upon the strand,
Words of One, who, as aforetime, stooped and wrote upon the sand.

IV.

Two there were that walked together; they communed as friend with friend,
On the mysteries, it may be, only angels comprehend;
One, the Christ, wrote with his finger, one, the Christian, read—"The End."

V.

Silent do his books await him on their shelves in long array;
But his book of life is ended and is silent now as they,
And will henceforth stand among them, to be seen and read alway!

VI.

What thou wert, O silent teacher, what thou wert and still thou art,
Men inherit and will cherish; we possess the better part,
We, thy pupils, in the fibres of the living brain and heart.

VII.

Thou art happy! Thou discerning from the summit of thy years,
Long hast seen the promise over rolling mist of doubts and fears,
Seen the vision of the future, and thou dost not need our tears.

VIII.

Sleep! the peace of God upon thee—sleep! and let the heavenly signs
Drive their worlds in solemn silence, till the world's great morning shines,
Where thou resteth from thy labors in the hearing of the pines.

*This poem by a former pupil of Professor Packard, and for several years a fellow instructor in the college, was read at the funeral services by Gen. J. L. Chamberlain.

MEMORIAL SERMON

By REV. WILLIAM P. FISHER.*

PSALM XXXVII. 37: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

We are here to-day neither to bury nor to praise, but to learn.

One generally esteemed and sincerely loved, is naturally spoken of in the language of eulogy; but the immediate purpose of the present discourse is not to pay a tribute of affection, though that is as well deserved as it is incidentally unavoidable; the object is rather to set the character before us in its elements of instruction and encouragement. Others can furnish the biography in its details, or speak of him as a scholar and teacher; my privilege is to give the features of this ripe Christian man as I have known them, beginning from his eightieth year, and looking backward only so far and so much, as the mature results suggest the process and motives by which these ripe qualities have been attained.

In our knowledge of character we are ordinarily dealing with that which is so immature that we are

*This presentation of the religious character of Professor Packard was delivered in the Congregational Church at Brunswick, July 20, 1884, the Sunday after his death. Through the agency of his pastor, Mr. Fisher, a beautiful memorial window, the gift of numerous pupils and friends of Professor Packard, has recently been placed in the North Transept of the Church where he worshiped so many years.

getting only moral suggestions while compelled to draw on our imaginations for the picture of anticipated achievement; but sometimes Providence allows us to verify our observations in the spectacle of a well-rounded life. We may not indeed affirm that they are unfortunate who, called hence in the midst of their days, attain full and ripe virtues in a more genial clime; but we rejoice in a companionship in which we beheld, with our mortal eyes, the mellow richness and the hallowed peace of one who at fourscore and five, was still less venerable in years than in holy faith. The principles which are not so attractive in the rawness of youth, or during the struggles and cares of middle life, we value both as a power and a pledge; but here we see them as fruition, and know them for what they are. Virtues cannot always, cannot perhaps generally, appear among men at their real value; they are unpolished diamonds; they are unripe fruits; they are muddy with human inconsistencies; they are misshapen by circumstances; they are excessive and violent because of contradiction; faith itself is exasperated into pugilism, and love driven into jealousy or sharp rebuke by the deceitfulness of the world. So it comes that we judge the good and goodness harshly and partially; we are deceived into thinking the smaller loyalty, and the easier virtue the more companionable. But give time to the nobler qualities. The steady faithfulness, the unbending principle, the affirmative faith get their color, their mellowness, their flavor; the same virtues attain and reveal the loveliness that was latent in them. We have seen

and testify that the way to a fully attractive manhood is not the way of easy compromise of godliness, but, on the contrary, the consistent adherence to convictions and to obligations, the daily and continued tribute to duty and to God, till He in his own time reveals the beauty of that which he has commanded. The doctrines of our treasured faith are so prejudiced by the difficulty of their application to the working life and the unformed character, that they are too often hastily dismissed as the formula of a hard process for the production of a harsh spirit. But that hasty conclusion is visibly corrected when we see these convictions and principles faithfully adhered to and producing their consistent and happy consequences. The Christian in his way through this world requires a vast amount of spiritual backbone and muscle. Their use is followed by more evident sweetness which may become quite patent to us in that margin of years that time borrows of eternity.

Professor Packard's character was one not difficult to distinguish; it was a straight line. The secret of its power was open. Its material was imperative sincerity. He was a stranger to duplicity. When it was forced upon him he recoiled with disgust. He did not readily detect its presence; but when he became convinced of a man's essential insincerity, he was inclined to withdraw into polite reserve. Mentally he was not subtle or even keen. There are no stories of his circumventing mischievous boys by superior sharpness. He took little interest in accurate refinements of

philosophical and theological thought. He would have made no political manager, no detective, no criminal lawyer. He had no sly methods. No one could find any mysterious corners in his policy. So his sphere was not administration. The unraveling of complicated affairs, the steering a clever course among contending rivals was not his calling. He could be imposed upon. He was not calculated for extensive interests which would invite the interference of the designing or ambitious. He was guileless, so innocent of contrivances and maneuvering ambitions that he could hardly believe them when they were before his eyes. Eighty-five years of experience failed to give him an easy familiarity with human wiles. At the same time he was habitually wise to avoid iniquity either as its victim or its tool. It is not improbable that he understood more than he chose to acknowledge. But it is still more probable that the simplicity of his right motives made it impracticable for the mischievous to meet him on any common ground of susceptibility to their inclinations. His own motives were transparent. He carried about with him an atmosphere of unobtrusive rectitude, which was at once an armor against evil, and a medium of communication with the better qualities and capacities of his fellow-men. He established a good understanding with others, and, apparently without effort, won their assent to his excellent principles and desires. Both in his intentions, and unconsciously, he stood apart from the evil, and in mutual sympathy with the good, not shunning men, so much as communing only

with their better capacities. He commended the good by revealing it to them in a guise transparently attractive. His faculties and occupations did not involve him in the disagreeable duty of thwarting the plans and thereby arousing the anger of men. He was seldom even suspected of decreeing or deciding affairs; for twenty years he has had no voice in college discipline; his relation to things was such on all sides that people looked upon him with unusual candor. They saw that he was guileless; and this recognized characteristic commanded attention, assent, and reverence. His simplest words were therefore freighted with meaning. The listener reversed the usual process of subtraction and added to their force. The wisdom of experience and spiritual attainment fell unhindered into ears and hearts that were as open and receptive as to the prattle of a child. So his guilelessness secured allegiance and affection and influence with all who were susceptible to its charm. In an emergency of war or fire or flood where irresistible energy was required, we would not have applied to him; in controversy where strenuous oratory was necessary, others, even in his prime, would have taken precedence. His was not the arm to wield the club. He was not calculated for a great popular leader. If there was an element of timidity, his entire sincerity kept him from that resort of timid men—cunning. So it happened that he was, to an unusual degree, free from the accusations of prejudice and from all antipathies and suspicions. Thus in the quiet years and walks where mind and heart mold heart and mind,

his insidious innocence commanded with permanent authority.

With this simplicity his remarkable courtesy was so identified as to seem only its natural expression. And such was the fact. His manners were nothing external to the man, and could scarcely be called an accomplishment. Etiquette was hardly noticeable, not because art concealed art, but because the soul of courtesy employed the familiar conventionalities, not to cover intentions, but as the most convenient expression of good-will. He had tact enough to avoid things unnecessary and disagreeable, and to recognize that which was opportune and pleasing, but his tact stopped there; courtesy was not a means to an end of propitiating people and using them for his own purposes. He never descended to flattery, and was not lavish of praise. His appeal was to self-respect rather than to vanity. And that appeal to self-respect was nothing more than the revelation of the fact that he respected his fellow-man as such. He desired the rights and welfare of men; he wished to render to all their due; he sought nothing more from them. He was sometimes punctilious in proprieties, not apparently with any idea of winning favors for himself, but because he was unwilling to give pain or fall short of the full measure of recognition which each deserved. With a great admiration for truly great men, with a full appreciation of refinement, and living in its atmosphere, he carried a delicate sympathy toward every human being into all his intercourse, and his manner was its ingenious ex-

pression. Intercourse with him was a liberal education in good manners, not imitable as manner merely, but the fitting expression of genuine regard. His tastes were aristocratic, he took his place naturally among the best, but his heart was republican, he was truly one of the people; he entered cordially into the welfare of the entire community, especially on its intellectual and religious side; the plainest people felt that he belonged to them.

Whoever looked a little deeper would see that he was a Christian gentleman, a gentleman always, but more distinctively a Christian. This holy faith commanded in his sincere soul and overflowed in his elegant bearing. People believed in his sincerity and delighted in his politeness, but they reverenced him in the totality of his conversation as a good man. This will be found to be the particular impression of him among many who care little for mere refinements or accomplishments; in the neighborhood for miles about he was definitely recognized as a humble disciple of Christ. That name in all these years has been unmistakably written on his forehead and in his hands, and was evident there, because first of all it was written on his heart. Unobtrusive everywhere, in this there was no mistaking his position; he was unequivocally the disciple of the Nazarene. He was a scholar and teacher by occupation; as a man among men we called him a gentleman; but in the central motive and sacred consciousness for him to live was Christ. Humbly he accepted the redemption not as a right but

as a gift. His supreme loyalty was fixed upon him whom he recognized as Master and Lord. There was his ultimate confidence and affection. As he walked our streets with modesty he was felt to be first of all a Christian. His gentleness was not wholly a matter of nature, still less the result of prolonged afflictions, pains, misfortunes. What some are willing to learn only under chastisement, he learned from chosen converse with him who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. For the peculiar form of work which Providence had allotted to him he had a very high regard; he was industriously faithful to his appointed task and occupied with his profession, a man not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. But teaching, as merely technical, was something wholly foreign from his way of thought. Without urging himself upon his students, he made it plain enough that he counted it his privilege to train men for the highest character and usefulness, and that with him was synonymous with training in distinctly Christian principles. He rejoiced to see men succeeding as scholars, as men of mind and power, but far more rejoiced to see them rising in Christian confidence, consciousness, and endeavor. With characteristic modesty he hesitated till he was thirty years of age before making an open confession of his religious faith, not through indifference, but because, being unable to give any distinct statement about the beginnings of his Christian life, he was not sure that his experience was genuine. Firm as was his discipleship there was ever

in it the element of self-distrust; repentance was the habit of his mind. But others have not shared his doubts concerning himself. His course as a Christian has been a steady consistent on-going, the shining light increasing in its brilliancy to the perfect day.

His ideas of religious truth were serious, his conception of duty somewhat severe, but the current of his life trustful and gently cheerful. He held in general to the old type of religious thought and found little fault with its phraseology. On occasion his utterances were quite solemn; but ordinarily the comforting confidence, the practical duty, the kindly feeling, the encouraging promise for the individual and the church, furnished the theme of his religious conversation, and indicated the permanent quality of his contemplation. He was more than contented to take his place in the local church and among the company of disciples. He was not ashamed of this affiliation, or an indifferent partner in its duties and fortunes. He evidently loved the courts of God's praise and the fellowship of his people. As religion was to him life's great business, so the institutions of religion took precedence of human affairs, and the welfare of Christ's church was his paramount concern. Accordingly every friend of the church was his friend, and the foe of the church came as near being his enemy as any one could. Here was a man who not only did not consider himself too fine, or good, or wise to be one in the fellowship of the local church, but showed his constant and unchanging love for it in ways conscious and unconscious, but always unmistak-

able. Great men praised and flattered him, and he enjoyed their esteem though he did not seem to take praise seriously; but when he turned to sacred things all honors dropped into nothingness. So he came into God's presence and among his people the humblest of us all. His commanding fidelity to Christ found in the visible church an outward and tangible object. Its every interest was precious to him, and not a word could escape his lips which might prejudice its welfare. When it was in difficulty his anxieties were great, when it was prosperous he rejoiced. As a company of people associated in Christ's name he demanded of it no superhuman things. As a channel of divine blessing he desired for it every good. He was the example of simple faithfulness, a representative and leader of the faithful; any one who failed here under his influence sinned against uncommon light. His constant blessing to the church was the singleness of his aim for the promotion of its honor and usefulness. That any one should hold any relation thereto of mere personal convenience was to him an offense; that it could be used for any ulterior ends, personal or partisan, was to him inconceivable. His adherence, plainly one of conviction and duty, was even more plainly one of affection. He brought his interest with him. Thus though he gave so much, he demanded little. With fine tastes and noble standards of living and of thought he was slow to see and slower to mention the defects of this associated relation. The visible church was not more the public expression of duty than the vehicle of

singularly unalloyed and truly childlike pleasure. He who so loved the earthly courts was ripe for the enjoyment of larger privileges in the upper sanctuary.

With this particular church his life was identified. As a boy he was on this spot when the old building which preceded this was in course of construction; this church is the only one to which he ever belonged; yet we claim him in no restricted sense, for his sympathies reached to the wide and catholic communion of the sons of God. Various offices and trusts it has committed to him and never regretted the choice. When it seemed desirable to build the edifice in which we now worship, he subscribed half the year's moderate salary, though at the time supporting and educating his growing family. He was to the last, one of the most generous contributors. Methodically each Lord's day his offering was deposited as he entered the sanctuary. He was uniformly in his place; he persisted in his attendance upon the mid-week evening meeting (more than a half-mile from his house) till, well past eighty, the duty was urged upon him of remaining at home. The physical reasons for this demand are now sadly familiar. He was generally present at our Sunday evening service nearer his house, even in his last year, and always a worshiper in the morning service, his voice distinct whenever there was an opportunity to join vocally. No one knew Professor Packard really who had not seen him in the social Christian meeting. There the variety and freshness of his thought was striking. Whatever theme was suggested he was ready,

rising from his seat near the desk, to present it in some instructive and profitable manner, bringing from his treasures things new as well as old. His prayers were an inspiration and delight. He lived a life of prayer, officiating at morning prayers in the college, with prayer in the family twice a day, and occasional prayer in the church and elsewhere, and I know not what habit of secret prayer—this was his atmosphere. Nor was it prayer that had degenerated into mere form, a repetition of order and phrases that had become stereotyped; it was living prayer, humble, devout, and earnest, the voice of a constant walking with God. At the first communion season which I enjoyed here his prayer made a great impression upon me by its whole spirit as well as the facility and felicity of accurate scripture quotation, not studied for the purpose, the spontaneous offering of heaven's own manna. Afterward he seemed to lose in part his command of these stores of Bible language. But the Lord's table continued to be the scene where most clearly appeared his intimate heavenly communion. Only three weeks ago as he sought the divine blessing, praying for God's peace among us, he suggested the ancient tradition of the beloved disciple in his old age, saying "Little children love one another." More than one silently asked, in that precious hour, how long we might enjoy his ministration before he should be called to a higher fellowship.

As a Christian preacher Doctor Packard was much esteemed. It is said, that like other men and even

other college professors, he saw the time when he was not fully appreciated. But it happened that the supply of the pulpit fell to him during a prolonged absence of the pastor of this church. He prepared discourses so interesting and helpful and so pleasing in their structure and expression, that the students as well as the public attached a new value to his abilities and accomplishments. His writing was careful and graceful, adorned from his familiarity with the best authors of the ancient and modern world, illustrated with happy references to the instructive acts of eminent men in his own acquaintance or in recorded history. But the use of this material was held in proper subordination. His preaching was truly scriptural in its spirit and expression, kindly in admonition and wholesome in encouragement. In the last years he has preached seldom because, furnishing no new sermons, and unwilling to repeat the old ones, it has seemed cruel to urge him contrary to his decided preferences. He was formally ordained to the work of the ministry in 1850, and for thirty years frequently fulfilled its offices with characteristic propriety, care, and spiritual appreciation in this and neighboring churches, welcome alike in city, village, and country.

To speak of this teacher and preacher as parishioner, is to speak from feelings of personal affection. What constancy of support, what unquestionable loyalty, what forbearance, what reasonableness both in silence and encouragement! These might be expected indeed of him for they are expressive of his entire spirit and

attitude. Such a relation enriches any one who may enjoy it and continues a cherished memory when its substance exists no longer. One man of that kind in the pew is verily a pillar of conscious strength to the pastor who knows that he can surely count upon the whole force of his weighty influence. Such a man is a leaven in the whole church. His constant presence is the visible pledge of safety. Not only may his influence be counted upon to restrain folly, but it recommends, teaches, and communicates faithfulness. That such a man can be satisfied with all departments and phases of the church work (or want of work), it is unreasonable to suppose. But silence and charity cover a multitude of defects. Every servant of the church and all its membership might assume from him the forbearance of a father.

Sometimes he gave the impression of being not very confident or buoyant in his hopes for the church and the world. It would not do to assert that he was a fountain of contagious courage and enthusiasm; that is just what he was not. Despondent views would be liable to gain too quick a response; he was rather susceptible to discouraging representations. Nevertheless he has appeared in these years rather as a Christian optimist. It was sometimes surprising (taking into account his years and all the influences), it was surprising to see how his thought, when following its own course, would rise in the direction and spirit of promise. This was probably because he kept in such close contact with the living world, the company of the young in their gener-

ations and classes. He loved the memories of the old days. He reveled in mystical lore, the quaint old associations of place, the interesting narrative of persons. But he did not worship these memories or disbelieve in the present. He saw, to some extent, the changes of thought and the enemies of faith, yet loved to portray wherein he considered the world of to-day substantially better than that of his youth. He could remember the early years of the century before the morals of the country had recovered from the effects of the revolutionary war, before religion had rallied from the influence of the French philosophy, before the character of the commonwealth had come to its best estate, before revivals of earnest piety had given that tone in the churches and homes which devout people of ripe years look back upon with so much regard. But his vision swept a larger circle, while he viewed the present through the favorable atmosphere of a green old age. So he was careful not to be an obstructive. He did not mean to have any old fancy interfere with practical usefulness. No devotee of a mere old fashion received any encouragement from him in opposing the wishes or denying the demands of living and active piety. He was wonderfully ready for new methods and cordial toward fresh endeavor.

This sympathy with living men was a secret at once of his pleasure, his popularity, and his influence. He refused amiably to be an old man. How bright and graceful he was in a company, and how evidently he enjoyed meeting old and young we all know. He was

not witty, he was not exceptionally humorous, he was not fluent, he was not familiar; yet how gladly he entered into intimate social converse, and his cheek glowed, and his eye sparkled, as story and laughter alternated with the evidences of friendship and sympathetic interest. He was alive to the last day and last hour. With July began the college examinations; he was there and at all the most important exercises of the closing term. On Commencement day he presided at the graduation and at the alumni dinner, and in the evening at his house received, standing, the many who gathered about him. On Friday he attended the meeting of the Historical Society and spent the afternoon in driving. On Saturday he went to Boothbay Harbor, and because of the wreck of the steamboat in the fog, returned to Squirrel Island, to remain till Monday. Here in an air as serene and bright as his old age, where fortunate isles lie one beyond another out toward the mystery of boundless ocean, he was found on the Lord's day in the Lord's worship, with significant nearness to the sacred desk. His last public act was consistent with his life's affection for God's house above all institutions of the earthly state.* Then he went out under that beautiful sky, and lay down, and in a little was at rest. Farther out to more fortunate islands, to a realm wider, more mysterious and unknown, to nobler and more glad companionships, and a still more

* Singularly his friend and companion, the Rev. S. G. Brown, D.D., ex-President of Hamilton College and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Bowdoin, who conducted the service that Sabbath, died with similar suddenness and from similar cause a little more than a year later.

unsullied life, to ethereal and transparent being, a holier Sabbath rest, a finer air and "sacred, high, eternal noon," his Master called him—and he was ready.

The lessons which are so evident in the statement of such a character, need only to be mentioned. While we feel his loss to be irreparable, he still demands of us that we remember him at his real value. Affection for that holy conversation must not give place to mere boasting of his refined taste, his gracious presence, and old-time courtesy. Merely to imitate him as a fine man in society, is to do him injustice, to misinterpret the meaning of his character and trample in the mire the pearls of his spiritual influence. We must hold in heaven's clear light the picture of his guileless integrity, his simple trust, his loyalty and love toward all upon which Christ's name was written. We must reproduce the motive and inspiration of such a character as a permanent power in our lives. Why should not every man that walks these streets be also, according to the measure of his abilities and opportunity, a blessing and an honor?

Long-continued industry, patient faithfulness in every trust, uniform and hearty kindness, simple Christian discipleship command universal approval—a multitude of competent judges unite in saying "he was a good man." Let us be attentive to that influence. The voice of that wise temperance, the communing of his daily prayer is ours no more. We cannot depend upon him to speak wisdom to us; that wisdom must dwell in our own hearts, that love to

Christ, his people and his church must control our lives and cement our union. Who in this solemn hour will dare to choose a smaller fidelity? Who will rise to the devotion which counts nothing too precious for the honor of the Redeemer and the furtherance of his earthly rule? Who are they whose lives henceforth shall be so faithfully ordered, so genuinely consecrated, so adorned with Christian virtues in the enlarging years that if those years be visible to human eyes, the human mind shall articulate the divine judgment—"well done, good and faithful servant?" Who of you from this day forward has in Christian choice and in Christian faith and affection, the essence and the power of lofty attainments, so that whether you live or die it shall be unquestionable that you are the Lord's? The command comes to take to your hearts and hands those responsibilities which the fathers are laying down. God's call to them to cease from their stewardship is at the same time the command to zealously fulfill yours.

ADDRESS

BY PROFESSOR HENRY L. CHAPMAN.*

A year ago, when, at the opening of a new college year, we were gathered for the first time in these seats, you received the welcome of the college from one who gave to that welcome an added value because he uttered it. Many of you doubtless remember the eager interest and the hopeful spirit with which Dr. Packard spoke on that occasion, as he told us of the new illustrations which the preceding Commencement had furnished him of the profound and far-reaching influence of college associations. That which fell from his lips had, then, as always, the charm of his own kindliness, and the weight of his revered character.

Fitly, also, could he speak for the college, who had given to it a long life-time of loving and loyal service. Student and teacher the college was his home for sixty-nine years, within one year as long as the time usually allotted to human life. He served it gladly with his best powers; he honored it always in his thoughts, his purposes, and his acts; it was enshrined in his deepest affections; it was never forgotten in his prayers. Whatever assailed its good name, or threatened its prosperity, touched him as quickly and as keenly as if

*These remarks by Professor Chapman, Dean of the Faculty, were made to the undergraduates, at Chapel Exercises, September 16, 1884. Morning prayers were regularly conducted by Professor Packard for more than a quarter of a century, and he frequently officiated during other portions of his long connection with the college.

it were aimed at himself, or at those who were dearest to him. Whatever added to its renown or promised to increase its usefulness was to him a source of evident and inexpressible satisfaction.

Class after class entered these doors, drew nearer, year by year, to the voice of his supplication until they sat in his immediate presence, and then, with their hearts and their voices full of the melody of "Auld Lang Syne," went slowly down the aisle and out into the world, carrying with them the memory of a beautiful and benignant presence that ministered at this desk, and carrying with them also the priceless treasure of his sincere and affectionate interest in their welfare.

And so it was that in every quarter of the globe men were to be found doing, according to their ability, the various work of the world, whose eyes would kindle and whose hearts would beat quicker at the mention of his name. They came back, when it was possible, more gladly to the annual Commencement of the college because they expected to meet once more their beloved friend and teacher; and they were always sure to receive from him a glad and affectionate greeting. For many years it was a matter of pride and pleasure to him that he knew every living graduate of the college, and they, with an ever-increasing cordiality and enthusiasm gave him the reverence and love which were his due.

The secret of his beautiful and useful life is not hard to find. Indeed it is not a secret, for it was clear to all who knew him. It was his modest and scrupulous fidelity to every duty and trust, however small;

he belonged to those accepted ones whose title to reward contains the shining words "faithful in that which is least." It was his kindly but unbending integrity in all things. It was his genuine and unobtrusive piety which made him anxious above all things to do the will of his Father in heaven. These qualities, joined with that courteous and genial spirit that always distinguished him, gave a strength and a symmetry to his character, and a beauty and dignity to his countenance, which made it a pleasure to look at him, and an unspeakable privilege to know him.

Scarcely had our late Commencement passed, and those who had participated in its pleasures gone to their homes, when, without warning and almost without pain, this faithful and beloved head of the college was called to enter into his rest. The bereavement was sudden and sad, but it may give us a feeling of thankfulness, even in our bereavement, to remember that he was spared the weakness and pain of lingering disease; that he died in the full enjoyment of his powers; and that his last conscious look was into the faces of loving friends. Nor should it be forgotten, for it was a source of the deepest pleasure to him, that during the preceding week he had received such manifold and eager tokens of respect and love from so many of his former pupils. It almost seems as if they had come up to the college in such numbers in order to pour the fragrant tribute of their love upon his head against the day of his burial.

And while we recount the things to be grateful for in connection with his death, this, certainly, should be

among them, that his last year was in some respects one of peculiar pleasure and satisfaction to him. Never before, he said, during an acquaintance of more than seventy years with the college, had he known a year so free from the unfavorable influences and disorders that too often bring reproach upon college life, and had often in previous years been a burden of anxiety and sorrow to himself. Both in public and in private he spoke of the pleasure he had received from this fact, and from the promise it afforded for the years to come. It was a pleasure of his declining days that only the students of the college could give him, and it is a grateful privilege to mention it in this presence.

The college can no longer speak through his lips, but it would not therefore fail to bid you welcome once more to these walks and halls,—both those of you who return to scenes that have already become familiar, and to old friends, and those who come among us as strangers to be hereafter friends. It is a welcome to hard study and honest attainment; a welcome to friendly rivalry in the recitation room, in the field, and on the river; a welcome to the opportunities for mental and moral growth which a college life so abundantly affords; a welcome to the good-fellowship and cordial friendships which give a charm to the passing years, and remain a treasured possession through all the years to come. It is a welcome that carries with it the charge to be faithful and quit you like men, that the year opening before you may be full of the most satisfying happiness, and fruitful of large attainments in both knowledge and wisdom.

TRIBUTE

FROM THE UNDERGRADUATES.*

Extracts from the Bowdoin Orient of July 16 *and October* 1, 1884.

The few students who remained in Brunswick over Sunday were inexpressibly shocked, on that afternoon, to learn of the sudden death of our most beloved Professor, Alpheus S. Packard. To those who saw him preside at the exercises of Commencement with his wonted grace and energy, his firm step and sparkling eye, his happy vein of humor as he introduced the speakers at alumni dinner, all seemed to promise a long extension of a life already beautifully rounded and complete in all its parts. Connected with the college as a teacher for sixty-five years, ever found in perfect health at the post of duty, his name had become so intimately associated with that of the college, and so widely known in connection with it, that it seemed as if he himself had become a part of the old institution he loved so well. In his loss we feel as if half the college had been taken from us,—the only remaining link which bound us to the past. Around his head clustered all the associations and memories of an unusually long life spent in truly filial devotion to his Alma Mater. The most picturesque figure connected with

* As Professor Packard's death occurred in vacation time, no formal action was taken by the undergraduates as a body. It has therefore been thought fitting to include in the memorial these three extracts from the periodical conducted by the students.

the college, it was his fortune to see every class that Bowdoin has nurtured. The old graduates who have come to Commencement from remote parts of the country, looking forward with such pleasant anticipation to a sure recognition and friendly greeting from Professor Packard, will indeed miss his kindly presence. It is allotted to all men once to die, but to some, favored beyond the common lot, death comes in a peculiarly appropriate time and manner. So it was with him. In the fullness of his age and honors, after successfully conducting one of the most brilliant Commencements Bowdoin ever saw—a Commencement abounding in tributes of affection and respect from former pupils,—without a long and painful confinement to a bed of sickness, but quietly, peacefully, and suddenly he was taken away. With his death Bowdoin loses one of her staunchest supports and every student a true friend.

Upon the pen whose duty is to chronicle the events which transpire from one number of the Bowdoin Orient to another, rests the expression of our sorrow, that as we return to "these familiar scenes—these groves of pine," we no longer behold the face of him who had become to most of us the *soul* of Bowdoin. Elsewhere in this paper will be found a fitting tribute to his memory,* but a record of college life would be incomplete did it not make some reference to the great loss which each of us personally has sustained, since last the Ori-

*The reference is to the address by Professor Chapman which precedes.

ent and its readers talked together, in the death of him who though dead, still lives in the hearts of all who have passed beneath the sunlight of his smile, and the beauty that radiated from his manly character. In the death of Professor Packard, Bowdoin has lost the last of that illustrious company of men who made her reputation world-wide, and we who still remain beneath her fostering care—we have lost our friend.

SONNET.

Like to the anthem of a master mind
Made vocal through the organ's metal throats,
Where sweetly winning and strong-sounding notes
Are all in perfect harmony combined;
And seem a wave of beauty undefined,
Which sinking into silence leaves the heart
Of him who listens moved in every part
With strange emotions which it leaves behind;
And lingers like an echo in the breast,
When long the notes have ceased to breathe in sound;
A sense of something beautiful and best,
Like unseen incense breathing all around,
Was that pure life which went away to rest
With days completed and with labors crowned.

E. C. Plummer, '87.

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS

By PROF. EGBERT C. SMYTH, D.D.*

From the rock by the sea, on which our revered teacher and friend sat for a moment ere his mortal strength failed, a monument is rising of stones deposited one by one, in token of esteem, by residents and visitors as they pass. The only adequate commemoration of Professor Packard's service here would be for the thousands of his pupils each to testify what he received. How gladly would each of us bring his offering! He had known personally (with possibly one or two exceptions) every graduate of the college, and never seemed to forget any one. He united us all as he had blessed us all. He became a visible embodiment of the college, a living representative of what it has stood for during the century. It was as natural to expect to meet him here as to see the chapel spires, or Massachusetts Hall, or the Thorndike oak.

This is the first Commencement within the memory of the oldest of us which has lacked the cheer of his sunny and benignant presence. We cannot let it pass without acknowledging our common loss, without uttering our gratitude. The occasion is its own elo-

*This address was delivered by Professor Egbert C. Smyth, D.D., of Andover, Mass., before the Alumni Association of Bowdoin College, 24 June, 1885. In accordance with a request made at that time it has been separately printed in pamphlet form.

quence. Otherwise I might shrink from speaking to you. His virtues have been celebrated far and wide. Even while he was with us the muse of Longfellow immortalized his "faithful service."

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

Since his departure, the public press, yonder pulpit, representatives of associations of alumni in our leading northern cities, have paid just and glowing tributes to his memory. The air is still vibrant with these notes of praise. His character was transparent. You all knew him and understood him. There are no traits to be revealed. Nor has he left any record of the events of his life. Fond of making notes upon matters of interest, he pencilled not a syllable about himself. His memory was tenacious of incident and stored with rich and varied reminiscences, which he was repeatedly urged to commit to writing; but to no avail. Once, when thus requested, he referred to his address upon "Our Alma Mater," and to his sketches in the college "History," as a sufficient compliance. It did not occur to him that something was wanted about himself. So, when the Historical Society commemorated his eighty-fourth birthday, he appeared to think that the number of his years was the object, as well as the occasion, of the celebration, and in response to greeting and eulogy discoursed upon old age. I can bring to you, therefore, no treasure from his private records, precious as this might be. And yet is not this just what you expected? He lived in and for the college. He had no thought for self. He has his reward. The college is

his eulogy. You, its sons, come here to do him honor. And so I hesitate not to talk to you about him, though you know in advance much that I shall say. The memory of those we honor and love is an exhaustless fountain. True words about them never tire. The lightest touch is enough where the chord is electric.

The Germans have a happy saying that a man cannot be too careful in the selection of his parents. Our Professor was well born. I recall with pleasure the venerable form, the strong, benevolent countenance of his father. He took much notice of children. His military history gave him a peculiar glory in a boy's eye. When a lad of thirteen, he heard, while hoeing corn in a field in North Bridgewater, the roaring of the cannon on Bunker Hill. He was too young to enter the ranks. But a militia captain, knowing that he could play the fife, appointed him fifer in his company. There seems to be a half-veiled prophecy in the facts that his regiment was first stationed at Cambridge, and drew its provisions from College Hall. Taking tea with a friend sixty years later and walking in the garden, he recognized the spot as the site of his first camp. His engagement expired in five months, during which he was ordered to Bunker Hill, Castle William (Fort Independence), New York (near Hurlgate), Harlem Heights. The physical strain was too severe, and health and even life seemed likely to be the sacrifice. The picturesque and pathetic story of the return to his home of "the poor, destitute, and suffering" fifer-boy I may not now recite, but this allusion

to it will suffice to suggest the perseverance and capacity for unselfish devotion to high ends involved in the fact that after this painful experience he again joined the army under a regular enlistment. The wounding in service of an elder brother, and the death of his father, seem to have brought him back to the farm, where his own energies and those of the rest of the family were now devoted to sending the disabled soldier to college. He did not aspire to such privileges for himself, but an injury, accidental as men say, laid him aside from physical labor, turned his thoughts, and finally his steps to Harvard, where, after graduation and a year of teaching school, he served either as Assistant Librarian or Tutor of Mathematics five years, when he was ordained to the ministry and installed as pastor of the church in Chelmsford, Mass. In September, 1802, the same year and month in which the first President and Professor were inaugurated and Bowdoin College was opened to students, Mr. Packard came to Wiscasset. For twenty-four years in succession he was present here at every Commencement, beginning with the first, and during most of this time was an active and influential member either of the Board of Overseers, or of Trustees, and was usually present at the annual examinations. His son testifies that "from the day of his admission to the University to the close of his life, he was a college man." While pastor at Chelmsford and Wiscasset he was also a teacher of youth. For years he was the principal of the academy in the latter town while also pastor of the

Congregational church. When he relinquished the charge of the academy—leaving it well organized and in successful operation—he continued to receive pupils to his home, sending in one year six to college. He was a man of utmost conscientiousness, indefatigable in labors, a rigid disciplinarian, but kind, affectionate, and devoted to the moral improvement of his scholars, systematic and faithful in the discharge of all public duties, sincere and earnest in his Christian life, an impressive preacher, a trusted pastor, a citizen always ready to make sacrifices for the public good, a devoted patriot.

The mother of Professor Packard was a daughter of the Reverend Alpheus Spring of Kittery, now Eliot, Maine. She carried to her home in Chelmsford and thence to Wiscasset, the impressions and tastes received and cultivated in the society of a Stevens and Buckminster. Six of her sons entered Bowdoin College. One, a young man of promise, died in his Junior year. The others graduated and rose to distinction in their professions, and the children's children are still maintaining the honorable traditions of their ancestry. I never knew the mother (she died in 1828), but I have supposed that her eldest child, our Professor, named for her father, derived from her much of the peculiar delicacy and grace of his mind, his fondness for good literature, his susceptibility to the finest culture. While she turned her spinning wheel in her rural home by the Sheepscot, and wove garments for her household, Pope's translation of the Odyssey was spread open at

one end of the machine so that, as she paced to and fro, a line could be caught at each return. Her memory was stored with facts of history and passages from her favorite authors which, repeated by her, were the delight of her children; and often, while too busy herself with domestic cares to turn a page or glance at a book, some one of the family under her untiring encouragement and skillful direction would read aloud for the benefit of all. These mothers of men—of sons who rise up to call them blessed wherever letters and science have blossomed in our land—how like the thick-set stars in our nightly skies they shine upon us whenever our eyes are opened to discern the influences that have made our nation great and strong.

Besides these formative powers of parents and home must be noticed those of scenery and community and history.

The father, soon after his removal to Wiscasset, purchased a small farm about a quarter of a mile southwest of the village. The house stood a little below the crest of the hill, under a sheltering rock. In every other direction the rich and well-tilled fields sloped gracefully sunward. At the foot, on the east, were the beautiful harbor, and the graceful lines of Birch-point, then fringed with forest trees, and adorned by the hospitable mansion of Judge Lee. Beyond, over the waters and the bold headlands, were the stately hills of Edgecomb, and south and west and north, farmlands, and forests, and ranges of upland, and the cheerful village with church and court-house and

pleasant homes and the broad street running down to wharves frequented by ships from every mart. Wiscasset was then, as I believe it is still, the shire town. Webster and Jeremiah Mason argued in its court-house. It was the most important town east of Portland. Its society embraced not a few families of superior intelligence and polished manners. Its commercial relations gave variety to its industries, and wide outlooks to its sons. The village bell rang out on the national holiday, and the guns of the old block house made fitting response; but other festivals, too, were honored, as the ships of various nations saluted with flags and cheers and rounds of ammunition their own days of patriotic observance. No one, I think, of "the old Faculty," as it is often designated, did so much as Professor Packard to promote historical studies. He was well versed not only in ancient but also in modern history, particularly in the details of European affairs which have influenced the growth of this country. He had a fondness for narrative, for incident and anecdote, for individuality in character. The genesis of these traits may be found in part in the conditions of his early life. Wiscasset is in the heart of a region which can hardly have a superior in this country as respects its appeals to the historic imagination, and its reflection in minor occurrences of the great movements and events in the progress of civilization. Here can be traced the successions of barbaric tribes, the collision and supplanting of nations, the beginnings of colonization, the advance to ordered society, the growth of towns and cities, the

changes of dynasties and forms of government, the development of arts and sciences and the institutions of education and religion. As a border land, long in dispute between France and England and coveted by other powers, its history reminds us of that of the marches of England and Scotland, the scenes of thrilling personal adventures, of fierce collisions and battles. Again and again has the tide of carnage crimsoned its streams. What tales of courage and heroism, of midnight surprise and boldest adventure are associated with its hills and promontories, and interwoven with the innumerable windings in and out of passes and channels from Merry-meeting bay to the waters of the Sheepscot and the Damariscotta. Is not Wiscasset in the dominions of the Basheba of the brave Wawennocks, whose subject sagamores commanded, some a thousand, some fifteen hundred bowmen? Were not they the conquerors of earlier possessors, and themselves in turn overcome by the yet more savage Taranti? Nowhere more than in this region is the imagination haunted by suggestions of a remote antiquity, great populations, successions of dusky warriors. And as the dawn of authentic history rises, what dim yet stirring visions break upon us from Monhegan to Sagadahoc? Now Frenchmen and Englishmen join in mortal conflict, now pirates free as the winds that fill their sails coast the shores and swoop down upon their prey, now adventurers eager for discovery and gain come with pinnace and barque and cross. Settlements rise, flourish, and disappear. The bravest and boldest press in from all

commercial nations. The settlers exceed the Indians in cunning and endurance. I see at last along these flowing rivers, on island and peninsula, on intervale and fruitful hill-side and scattered clearings in the almost unbroken forest, in growing towns by rapids and cataracts and at the harbors, a peaceful community, under law and free, whose origin and training, whose lineage and blood remind me not only of the Puritan history or of the Covenanters of Scotland, but of whatever in the collisions of modern nations has borne the stamp of power and been famous for persistence and mastery. It was almost an education in great historic forces to be born in one of these sea-board and river counties of the District of Maine in the beginning of this century. It has been no accident that no college in the land has had a roll of alumni, in the ratio of numbers, superior to Bowdoin in force and brains. If it had a remarkable Faculty it had, and could not help having, out of such a population, a remarkable body of students.

Thanks to the Historical Society, in whose labors Professor Packard was so active and efficient, the dim traditions and the isolated romantic legends and scattered facts of this early history are coming to light, and are acquiring their due significance. When our Professor was a boy in Wiscasset, much now understood was little known. But men were there whose memories were stored with whatever is most thrilling and stimulating in these annals. The Indian wars were not far away. The events of the Revolution were near. The war of

1812 was coming, and when it came was felt in every home. His father's parish embraced representatives of the best influences and forces at work in the land. It was itself a school in history.

A careful observer will notice in the buds of trees the tints and colors which are the glory of the foliage of autumn. "Alpheus," writes his father of him at ten years of age (I quote from memory), "is so interested in his Latin and Greek, and I find so many little services for him to perform, that he does not play more than half an hour a week. He rarely asks for any indulgence." About two years later, upon assurance of one of the scholarships founded by John Phillips, he entered Exeter Academy. Jared Sparks and John Gorham Palfrey were "fellow foundationers." George Bancroft was also a member of the school. Nathan Lord was an assistant teacher. Jeremiah Mason and Daniel Webster were then Portsmouth lawyers, and "the towering stature of the one, and the tall, somewhat spare form of the other, together with his dark brow and eye and his raven-black hair," left, as he tells us, an indelible impression upon him. In 1812, at the age of fourteen, he entered college, having read in Greek not only the required portions of the New Testament, but the *Graeca Minora*. Graduating in due course, he delivered at Commencement the salutatory oration. Three years later he and his friend Tenney, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, delivered the two Masters' Orations. Then began the well-known, ever faithful, and devoted serv-

ice of the college, as one of its officers. The intervening period had been spent in teaching, at Gorham Academy, in Wiscasset, in Bucksport, and as Principal of Hallowell Academy, where the Abbotts, the Vaughans and Merricks, and not far away the home of Mr. Gardiner, with other cultivated families, had developed a society as intelligent and refined as could well be found. George Evans was then a rising lawyer in Gardiner.

Tutor Packard was first entrusted for two years with instruction in Languages and Geometry, and for a third year with Languages and Mathematics; and one of his early duties—he used to recall it, I remember, with a pleased look—was to examine my father in Mathematics for admission to college and Junior standing. From 1822 to 1824, Mathematics were exchanged for Metaphysics, and the last year Tutor Smyth—I may be pardoned the allusion for its curiousness—became Instructor in Greek. Matters settled down, we may piously believe, into their pre-ordained relations when the next year the latter was made Tutor in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Rev. Thomas C. Upham was added to the Faculty as Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Mr. Packard was promoted to the Professorship of the Latin and Greek Languages and Literatures vacated by Professor Newman for the chair, which he made renowned, of Rhetoric and Oratory.

The conjunction of these names tempts to a digression which I will not avoid, for it opens a view of

our Professor's life which has its own value and charm. There is a tradition that the genial Professor Cleaveland—name always to be mentioned here with peculiar honor—desired that the homes of the younger professors should be erected somewhere in the vicinity of his own; not anticipating, perhaps, how numerously and merrily—I had almost said noisily—they were to be filled. Professor Newman, however, for some reason unknown to me, had purchased some land and built his house within, or on the very edge of the primeval forest. The college campus—yard we always called it in the old time—terminated on the south with a fence and a row of poplars near what is now the walk from Main Street to King Chapel. All beyond was a rough clearing with many a pine stump, or unbroken woods. Some effective consideration—I believe it was the gift of a building lot—prevailed at length with two of his colleagues to raise a double house in neighborly contiguity with his own. What were the freedom of intercourse and the intimacies of friendship between these sacred homes it would not be fitting for me here to tell, but two remarks may be permitted. Children came not a few—there was a colony of us—troops of children with at least an average amount, I may safely say, of that sort of human nature which sometimes develops neighborhood and parental complications. Yet no one of us all, I am sure, then or since, has ever had the slightest suspicion that there was not always between our parents as perfect a concord as reigns in heaven. This I say in the large and priceless interest of human

friendships. The other remark is this. Having known Professor Packard, as a child knows a man whom he sees in the privacies of domestic life, having recited to him, as a boy, in his college study, and afterwards, as a student, in the lecture rooms, having associated with him in the Faculty and been admitted as it were to the privileges of a son of the house, it is one of the greatest pleasures of my life to say in this presence,—not as testimony, for there is no need of that, but simply for the genuineness and nobleness which were his,—that here was a man who wore no trappings, who hid himself behind no disguises, who was in reality all that he seemed, who was always and everywhere the same perfect gentleman, the same humble, sincere, true-hearted, loyal disciple of Christ.

February 23, 1825, was a day of congratulation in the college. Two new chairs of instruction had been introduced, and three Professors, Newman, Packard, and Upham, elected the previous September, were now inducted into office. The joy of the occasion found expression in an evening concert of sacred music, at Stoddard's Hall. Airs, choruses, and anthems were rendered to the music of Denman and Haydn, Mozart and Händel. The first part opened with the Lord's Prayer; the second with "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." At his inauguration Professor Packard delivered an address upon the manner in which the acquisition of the classical languages and literature can best be made. The selection of a theme so practical for an inaugural discourse is characteristic, and I have

been interested, in turning over the pages of the time-worn manuscript, not only in the evidences of his patient reflection upon the work before him, but also in the aggressive and reformatory spirit with which he entered upon it. He vigorously attacked the method of cramming the beginner's mind with abstract rules and principles, and urgently commended the method of nature and of practical service which presents first concrete facts and instructive instances, and aims at the command of a literature rather than the special skill of the grammarian and the lexicographer. His private papers show with what painstaking assiduity he pursued, in preparation for the recitation room, the intricacies of Greek syntax and the niceties and refinements of linguistic lore, but I doubt if any of his pupils realized how minute and extensive were his studies in these directions. We knew that he was exact and sure, that he weighed the force of every particle, that he could supply felicitous renderings, but we were still more impressed with his genuine love of the classics, his admiration of the delicacy and grace of Horace, his appreciation of the pungent satire of Juvenal, his response to the serious purpose, the law-revealing, rhythmic movement of the Greek tragedy. He said but little in comment on the immortal works we read with him, and still less either in praise or blame of our recitations. A slight frown, a sort of perplexed and baffled look when we missed; a lighting up of the face and lifting of the brow, and a somewhat quicker use of the recording pencil when he was pleased—these

were all; but we always knew whether he was satisfied or not. And so simple and evident was his own admiration of the classics he taught us that their authors, as it were, stood before us, his personal friends, whom we were affronting if we did not do our best to enter respectfully and sympathetically into their thoughts and fancies. "I knew him first," writes President Hamlin, "in 1830. He was then apparently in the very bloom of early manhood. He was amiable, cheerful, social with a student. If any one went to him with a question about a difficult passage in Greek he satisfied him without any attempt to overwhelm him with a show of learning. I remember very distinctly the deep interest with which we read the Anabasis to him. He made us follow the heroic march with an interest we had never had in any classic story. His teaching was clear, never verbose nor redundant. He had the faculty of not saying too much. His language was always classic. There was a certain finish about his style that could not but be noticed. It was always a pleasure to listen to a lecture or any thing which he had prepared with care. The fine natural elements of his mind had been brought into perfect harmony and polished to the highest degree by the study of Greek literature,—of the most perfect models which man has given to his fellow-man."

In the Catalogue of 1831 I find the first allusion to his "Lectures on Classical Literature." They were prepared for by a diligent use of the best editions, and the careful study of modern criticism, and were written in a style of perfect clearness and simplicity.

In 1837 he published his edition of "Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with English Notes," which soon passed to a second edition, and was adopted as a text-book in several of the colleges in this country. It was commended at the time by a writer in the North American Review for the thoroughness and fidelity with which it was edited, and for the great judgment and helpfulness of the English notes.

During the early period of his professorship he bestowed much attention upon the theory of education and upon the art of teaching. He wrote upon these subjects articles for the North American Review and other publications. He delivered addresses and lectures before teachers' meetings in this State and elsewhere, or to his college classes. One of these addresses, pronounced at the dedication of the Teachers' Seminary at Gorham, was published in 1837, and another on the "Characteristics of a Good English School," the following year. He advocated earnestly the value of classical studies as a part of a system of public education, founding his plea upon the broadest conceptions of mental and moral culture and of the welfare of society and of the State. The conviction is rapidly growing that the increasingly diversified needs of modern society demand more and more specialized methods of training. The higher institutions of learning are by the necessities of this development pushed nearer and nearer to the position of a university which includes within its curriculum the opportunities of all knowledge. But somewhere in our system must be maintained and

vigilantly guarded the scheme and method of instruction which makes more of the man than of his work, which secures that general discipline of all the powers which is essential to their best specialization. This conception, which has been the main motive of the American college, Professor Packard develops, in these essays and addresses, with clearness and vigor. He was governed by it in his relations to his colleagues. Highly as he prized the studies of his own department, he never claimed for them an undue place. When he entered on his work the Natural Sciences, under a recognized leader in this department, had gained here a special prominence. Longfellow and Goodwin soon gave to Modern Languages a position they occupied nowhere else. No one more heartily than Professor Packard has welcomed, as the times have demanded them, changes and expansions of the curriculum. He was governed by principle, and his principles of education I believe were sound to the core.

His interest in popular education was manifested in deed as well as word. I find this pencilled note in his hand-writing: "I have been all my days a pupil and teacher, and I do not recollect the time when the sight of a school learning did not excite a lively interest in my heart." In these words, doubtless, we have the secret of the diligence and patience with which for many years he served on the town committee for common schools, visiting them faithfully in various districts, and always supporting and aiding the teachers in their work.

I can but glance at the various offices he filled in the last quarter—a little more than twenty-one years—of his life. After holding the chair of Classical Literature forty-one years, during three years of which he was also Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, and one Collins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion, his entire service was transferred to this chair, which he filled to the last. During twelve of these years he also had charge of the library, which had always been as the apple of his eye. The closing year he officiated as President of the college, a service which now appears as a beautiful completion of his career.

His helpfulness to the church, which has always stood in such intimate and important relations to the college, has been fully presented in a published discourse of its pastor. I will only say of this aspect of Professor Packard's life, that it deeply impresses me with the greatness of the service he rendered. The purity of its quality you know. Perhaps you may not have thought of its variety and vast accumulation. What is it in any community for a man of station and influence to engage with an invariable constancy through the life-time of more than two generations in all the offices of Christian intercourse, in prayers by the bedside of the weary and sick, in consolations to the bereaved, in hymn and prayer, in exhortation and counsel, in testimony and invitation and warning, in public discourse on the Lord's day, and in reverent, believing, comforting administration of holy sacrament? One of my very earliest recollections of Professor Packard is his standing, Sun-

day after Sunday, with the bass singers in the choir, and of his superintendence of the Sabbath school and watchful care of its library. An absence of the pastor, during which he occupied the pulpit, brought him into prominence as a preacher, and from that time he appeared frequently, as his services were solicited, in this and neighboring pulpits. Coleridge has said that good sense is the body of poetic genius, and Mr. Lowell—in whose return to America we all rejoice—has recently affirmed, in eulogy of the poet Gray, "that if there is one thing more than another which insures the lead in life, it is the commonplace." Professor Packard's sermons, while usually finished in form, had this body of good sense and were on the level of men's lives. They interested people of every class. They dealt invariably with the more vital and practical, and therefore with the broadest, themes of the gospel. If they had a special adaptation to students it was in the abundance of the illustrations drawn from the biographies and sayings of men of letters or prominent in public life. The impression was doubtless made, which another has referred to, that our Professor in his varied reading and scholarly acquisitions, had, as a constant aim, the discovery of materials in whose use he could most effectively commend to us the soundest principles and highest aims of conduct. Very many of his discourses, I presume, were prepared with special reference to the demands of the Saturday evening lecture, a religious service long maintained. Of his private and personal influence in the college as a moral counselor and

Christian friend, I will not venture to speak. His record is on high, and many there are who witness to his Christian wisdom and fidelity.

No sketch of his life would be complete which omitted to notice his contributions to history, and his labors in connection with the society whose treasures he for many years vigilantly guarded. I leave for others, who purpose, I understand, to deal with this phase of his life, its appropriate treatment, but cannot forbear to express my sense of the value of his labors in this sphere, and my admiration of the richness, grace, and perfect adaptation of his three great historical addresses: one, delivered at the centennial celebration of the Congregational church at Wiscasset; another, at the semi-centennial of the General Conference of Maine; and the third, the address to this Association delivered in 1858, a tribute to Alma Mater which the college would do well to re-publish as the most effective tract it could circulate to deepen and widen a practical interest in its prosperity.

As I sketched at the opening of this address the character of Professor Packard's father, you saw many of the most marked traits of the son. The one was a man of strictest punctuality, method, and diligence. The other was equally systematic and industrious. Through my Brunswick life he had a morning recitation immediately after college prayers (which for most of the year were at six o'clock). His family were expected to be in readiness for a devotional service at seven, when the boards of the college, the officers, the

students, were as sure to be remembered in prayer as his own immediate household. Immediately after breakfast the Professor could be seen in his checked blue and black Rob-Roy jacket, or lighter garment as the season might be, and with axe or garden-tool. Nine o'clock found him in his study—for long No. 7 in North College, (now Winthrop Hall); then, the same number in Appleton. Every hour and minute had its appointed task or service through the day, including the short invariable nap immediately after dinner. The hours of labor ran on far into the night. There was always time for a neighborly call and other peoples' needs.

You recall the charming picture Heine draws of the habits of the philosopher Kant. "Rising, coffee-drinking, writing, reading, lectures, dining, walking—everything had its set time; and the neighbors knew with perfect accuracy that it was half-past three o'clock, when Immanuel Kant, in his gray body-coat, with his rattan in his hand, came out of his house-door, and bent his steps toward the little linden-alley, . . . and when the weather was dull his servant, old Lampe, was seen walking behind him, with anxious concern, carrying a long umbrella under his arm, like a picture of providence." With almost equal exactness might the dwellers on Main Street, from our Professor's house to the village post-office, have set their watches by his transit.

It was due to this method that he was able to attend to so wide a range of duties. Besides the many services I have already indicated, he was almost an assistant in parish visiting to the Rev. Dr. George E.

Adams and his successors, who relied greatly on his judgment and tact in cases of peculiar delicacy. He was much engaged in the Temperance reform. He was pre-eminently the member of the Faculty who looked after the routine, keeping everything in motion and on time. He performed an incalculable amount of work on the successive Triennials,—a labor fitly consummated in his completion of the History of the College begun by his friend, the first President of this Association, Nehemiah Cleaveland.

His father was a strict disciplinarian. All his own instincts and habits were on the side of law and authority. His ethical maxims were so pure, and the course of his life had brought him so little into contact with men of diverse standards of life and moral habits, that his judgment of wrong-doers was naturally severe. The experience of years expanded his nature. *Mitis est maturus.*

His long and loving study of the classics lent a peculiar attraction to his style, as his early training gave him the most polished manners, and nature his tall and graceful form and strikingly handsome countenance. But even in the charm of that which was most external there was mingled the higher grace of that which is spiritual and eternal. His style was rooted in the man; his invariable courtesy was an expression of his character. The just, the true, the right, were his aim. His most appropriate and admirable memoir of the saintly Appleton reflects his own ideals. He had great loyalty to men and to institutions.

Not apt to be foremost in aggressive work he could be true as steel.

His most conspicuous moral trait was utter fidelity. With this was inevitably connected constant growth in excellence and power. Aspiring to no leadership he won a mastery rarely equaled, perhaps never surpassed, in academic circles. He loved the college with a life-long devotion and the college rose up to do him reverence. His life was a whole-hearted consecration to unselfish and noble ends, and the law of the universe, more enduring, mightier than any law of the material creation, the law that he who serves shall reign, bore him to his throne.

I recall but one academic career in this country that approaches his in duration, that of Dr. Nott, President of Union College for sixty-two years; and but one in England which exceeds it, that of Martin Joseph Routh, who was appointed Librarian of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1781, and President in 1791, and who died in 1854 after a service of seventy-three years. Professor Packard was an officer of Bowdoin College, in uninterrupted service, sixty-five years.

What a beautiful old age was his, fit coronation of so simple, pure, beneficent a life!

> Jucunda senectus,
> Cujus erant mores, qualis facundia, mite
> Ingenium.

Dr. Routh died in his one hundredth year. Accurate himself to the last degree, he was annoyed when near his end by a newspaper notice which stated his

age—"I am described as being a little younger than Pitt. The blockhead, as he knew my age, might have known that I was four or five years older." It was reported to our Professor that some one had spoken of him as an old man of ninety-two. "Why did he not say," was the reply with unfailing courtesy, "that I am a *young* man of eighty-five?" So he seemed to us, the color still brilliant on his cheek even after death.

More than ever before, in the closing years the cheerfulness, the trust, the hope and charity of his Christian faith shone out. He dismissed another college class with a father's benediction—who that heard it will forget that closing prayer at the last Commencement? At church, the following Lord's Day, he sang to the end

"My faith looks up to Thee,"

the last stanza how prophetic!

He sleeps with McKeen, and Appleton, and colleagues and friends of many years in the ancient pine-girt cemetery,

"Where the shade
He loved will guard his slumbers night and day.
. . . . . Fitting close
For such a life! His twelve long sunny hours
Bright to the edge of darkness: then the calm
Repose of twilight, and a crown of stars."[1]

[1] Quarterly Review, vol. 146, p. 39.

CHARACTER.

A SATURDAY EVENING LECTURE

BY PROFESSOR A. S. PACKARD, D.D.*

1 JOHN II. 14: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

The wise man says: "The glory of young men is their strength." The apostle in our text only states more fully what he had just before written at the expense of what might seem a needless repetition. "I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one." The aged apostle looked to the young men, now in the prime and vigor of manhood, with special hope for the church and the world, because they had given the best proof of vigor and energy in overcoming, through the word of God abiding in them, "the wicked one." There are always fond hopes clustering around the path of a young man who is setting forth in the career of life. Especially is it thus with him who goes out with the great advantages of a liberal education. He bears with him means of influence which wealth or position of itself does not give. Who can estimate the amount or value of the influence now

*This address was delivered in the Cleaveland Lecture Room, November 17, 1877, and again at the same place October 9, 1880. It is printed to serve alike as an illustration and a reminder of the many similar efforts for the moral advancement and spiritual growth of the undergraduates.

exercised by the graduates of our colleges on our land and on the world?

But what hope for the best interests of mankind would there be in this great amount of influence, were it directed by corrupt principle and unsound moral sentiment? "The glory of young men is their strength" in whatever is just, pure, honest, lovely, and of good report. Nothing is more settled in the actual working of society, than that known immorality in a man is fatal to success, so far as that depends on the opinions or preferences or patronage of men. It was at one time doubtful which of the two distinguished rivals in the British Parliament, Pitt and Fox, would win the race in the political arena. Fox had the advantage in those qualities which attract popularity; but he failed through want of character.

But more than this, men withhold confidence from the intriguer or the knave, however brilliant may be his powers, as even from the man of fair character, if he prove himself weak, obsequious, and cringing. Nothing more inevitably or more rapidly reduces a man's position with his fellow-men, than the impression of false-heartedness or pusillanimity in a matter involving principle. It is not enough then to avoid transgressions of the moral code. Positive virtues are demanded by a public, always jealous and somewhat exacting. We need not merely harmless men, but strong men. These times especially demand strong, reliable, inflexible virtue. Let it be borne in mind that the seeds of such virtue are sown early, and its

most important culture comes early, or scarcely at all. What are the conditions or the laws of such culture? Your moral philosophy inculcates the view, that strong, reliable virtue is not a spontaneous growth, but that it comes of trial, discipline, struggle, and conflict.

One of the first experiences of a young man at his first leaving the watch and care of home, is likely to be, that his views of life which have been inculcated with most tender solicitude and assiduity are at once exposed to strange and sometimes even revolting influences in the new associations into which he is thrown. His notions of morality, of conduct and manners even, are rudely assailed at every turn. What is he to do in the new conflicts which he must face? Is he to yield to the prevailing tendencies of the society into which he is introduced? Is he to lay one side the maxims of integrity, of virtue, of manliness, which have been inculcated as the guide of his life, and to adopt the new maxims which perhaps govern the new world around him? Is it merely a question of temporary expediency and of policy, and is he to follow the multitude to do evil? Is he to cast away his Bible, to discard conscience, renounce the dictates of his better nature, and throw himself upon the current of opinion and sentiment without a struggle or a question? Scarcely a youth but has just this trial forced upon him.

Let that inquiry rest awhile, and let us look at another matter. A young man enters the career of business, or of some profession. There is an honest,

honorable mode of conducting his vocation. Some are ready for every trick of trade,—for any sharp turn of practice in their profession. Heedless of character, their maxim is, that the end justifies the means. Shall the young adventurer adopt this as his law of commercial or professional life? Every educated young man in our land is soon called to decide what part he will act in the political events of the time. Shall he frame his theory of politics with careful reflection and study of the great questions relating to our government and institutions, independently, conscientiously, in view of his duty and obligations as a good citizen, or shall he reject conscience and judgment in the matter, and be governed solely by a selfish regard to his own personal interests in the case? The course which a high-minded individual will choose every one knows. Selfishness often gains its ends, but, let it be noticed, through cunning concealment of itself; for nothing is more certain under the constitution of things in this world than that the public favor will never be knowingly and permanently bestowed upon the self-scheming, self-interested tradesman or politician or professional man.

Now to return to the inquiry, what is a youth to do when he is put to breast the torrent of wrong principles and evil influences into which he may have been thrown; when questions of right and wrong are brought home to him, and he is called upon to meet them and to decide for himself his course of action, what is he to do? Most likely among the influences addressed to him to lead him astray from what in his

real convictions he is persuaded to be the path of rectitude and honor, is the exhortation to be a man, and to assert his independence. And that is just what we say to him. Let his true manhood decide the question. If he have not manliness strong enough to settle this prime question of his life, he may give up the hope of a true manliness for anything else. True manliness works from within, from the inmost recesses of the heart and character, outward. If one does not early form the purpose and habit of resistance to temptation, he may as well give up the voyage. His bark is unseaworthy, and will ere long become a wreck, or if not entirely so, his voyage will be fruitless.

Now what we urge as a most valuable quality in a young man and essential to the highest success in life is that just indicated, the power of carrying himself well and honorably through such crises of his moral history. We commonly call it independence of character. The remainder of this discourse will be devoted to remarks on true independence of character; a trait held in high repute among young men, and which deserves careful consideration, inasmuch as there are serious mistakes concerning it. It seems at first a misapplication of terms to attribute independence in any sense to so dependent a creature as man. In no respect can he be independent of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. Free agency and accountability do not exclude the agency and control of God. Nor can any one sunder himself from dependence on his fellow-men. All men are bound together

by mutual dependence and reciprocal influence. There is in truth no such thing as absolute independence of a human being in action or thought. What then do we mean when we speak of independence of character? We mean only, that one's opinions and sentiments, his judgments of men and things and of conduct, are the result of his own convictions. He does not adopt an opinion or choose a course of action because others think and act thus or so; but, guided by reason and conscience, he decides for himself the line of truth and duty, and follows it. This does not exclude influence from others, nor does it imply necessarily a dogmatic spirit, or dogged pertinacity adhering to its own determinations because they are its own, and rejecting another's because they are not its own. The true independence of which we speak seeks for light from every source, and its decisions are made in view of the reasons which appear. Washington, in difficult and important matters of state, was accustomed to request the opinions of his cabinet in writing, and then to decide in view of their judgments and his own. The author of "Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson" remarks of Archbishop Whately, one of the most marked men of this century, that one of his positive characteristics was his independence of thought. He possessed this almost in excess. He thought that to the Archbishop of Dublin the fact that any opinion is very generally entertained, so far from being a recommendation, is rather a reason for regarding it with suspicion. It is amusing how regularly we find it oc-

curring in the prefaces to his works, that one reason for the publication of each, is his belief, that erroneous views are commonly entertained as to the subject of it. "And when we consider," he adds, "how most men receive their opinions upon all subjects ready-made, we cannot appreciate too highly one who, in the emphatic sense of the phrase, thinks for himself." He is, however, careful to add, that "there is hardly an instance in which so much originality of thought can be found in connection with so much justice and sobriety of thought. In him we have independence without the least trace of wrong-headedness." A striking and memorable example of this independence and firmness of character is recorded in the parliamentary career of Sir Fowell Buxton. At a critical period of the slavery question in the British Parliament, he proposed to introduce an important motion. Some of the best friends of the cause and of the government were urgent he should not press the question and bring the house to a division. But with all courtesy and in a most touching manner, he insisted, and the house divided. His motion was not carried; but the defeat was accounted a victory. "One of the finest moral pictures," says a London lecturer, referring to this incident, "the resistance of the individual against united numbers, the victory of personal conviction, self-trust, adherence to the sense of obligation and right, over every sort of influence, may be seen in his conduct on that night. His unalterable purpose looked like dead, downright obstinacy,—as the most rational

firmness always does when it seems a reproach, or is an inconvenience to others. Some of his friends blamed what they termed his obstinacy; but the minister said, 'It has settled the question.'"

The difference is very great between the wrong-headedness of a man who merely takes a thing into his head, and doggedly sticks to it, and the inflexibility of him, who, under a full sense of all the responsibility of deciding a question of moment, "thinks it out and knows what he is after."

Here was a memorable example of exalted independence and firmness of character, but it was brought into exercise in an important public emergency. A superior mental and moral character was put to the hardest test by the call of a great occasion. We have an illustration of the same great quality in a matter of ordinary morality in the late John Q. Adams. When minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Holland, he, then a young man, became a member, and, from his ability and culture, a favorite member, of a social club of diplomatists. Their meeting, which had been held on a week-day, was adjourned to the evening of the Sabbath, but Mr. Adams was not present. The meeting was adjourned to a second and third Sabbath evening, and he was again and again absent. It excited great surprise. On returning to the week-day evening, he was in his place, and was met with the cordial greetings of his friends, with their regrets that his duties had interfered with his attendance. He at once informed them that he had not been detained by business,

but the reason of his absence was that they had met on the Lord's day; that he had been educated where the Sabbath was strictly observed; that he had watched closely the effects of its observance, and had found them salutary; and that his experience and observation had taught him the unspeakable advantages of a faithful observance of the day. It was an instance of the high character and elevated independence of a young man in the midst of a brilliant circle of European diplomatists. Such examples command the unmingled respect and admiration of mankind.

It has been noticed that I have been careful to speak of true independence. If we observe narrowly, we shall find, if I mistake not, that the independence in special favor with many who have voice and influence in the street, and in places of concourse, is a far different rule of conduct. What they advocate is an independence of salutary restraint; independence of the councils of experience and wisdom, and of the teachings of the divine word. That is plainly the principle of following the multitude to do evil. It may be more properly termed a slavery to false pride, and to the lower inclinations of the heart. When one tosses his neck to the yoke of conscience, discards reason and prudence, rebels against the impulses of his better nature, overleaps the barriers which have been set to hedge around evil propensities, and gives the reins to passion and appetite, what is it but the worst slavery ever suffered in this world? The great conflict of every one is with unholy desires and inclinations within

and unhallowed influences without; with temptations to stand well with his associates, to compliance with prevalent customs, to secure supposed personal interests. Successful resistance to all these, and obedience to conscience and the will of God, constitute the hardest struggles and the greatest triumphs of life. We are careful therefore to insist on a true independence, because we seek a quality which strengthens character and develops a true manliness.

True independence of character, we say then, decides matters of opinion, of action, of conduct, on their merits. It is based on clear discernment of truth and right, and devotion to it. It believes, not because others believe thus or so. It acts because it deems it right so to act, not because it is for its interest, or that it may be of the stronger party. It will not endure dictation; it yields no cringing compliance; it is jealous of unwarrantable interference. De Tocqueville heard that the government was recommending his election as a candidate for the National Assembly of France, from the *arrondissement* where he lived, for which post his neighbors had proposed his name. He at once wrote to Count Molé, his personal friend and President of the Cabinet, that he could not consent to be a government candidate; not, as he declared, because he was opposed to the government, or the ministry, but because he wished to vote conscientiously and freely, which he could not do if he allowed himself to be placed in nomination by the government. He would not hold office at the sacrifice of his entire independ-

ence. But, as the result, his independence cost him his election.

It is important to notice, that we make a sharp discrimination between the quality we are considering, and self-will, which esteemeth itself above all others, never yields its own preferences or notions, and makes no account of the opinions and wishes of others, is narrow-minded, not taking broad views; and also that other trait, near of kin, pride of opinion, which springs of conceit, admits no distrust or question of the wisdom of its decisions, and demands homage; and again, a domineering temper, which covets ascendency, and loves to rule for its own sake, and does not hesitate to overbear and trample down whoever and whatever opposes. The noblest men in the annals of the world, the greatest leaders of affairs, have been gentle, open to counsel, compliant, forbearing, generous, magnanimous.

The independence of which we speak, then, is a quality of superior men. The weak-minded and vacillating are not capable of it. It carries with it a nobility better than all heraldry can bestow, and receives a homage which wealth and station cannot give. It makes heroes whose names may be unknown to history. It is the offspring of a genuine courage far above any daring of the battlefield.

Every young man thrown into indiscriminate companionship in college, or out, has abundant opportunities for the exercise of this high quality. Genuine independence will never vaunt itself; others may not

know of the conflict it costs or its victories; but it has daily occasion for the trial of its quality. Better for the possessor, surely, to resolve to act for himself at once, and to establish the habit of acting for himself, in view of truth and right, calmly, deliberately, resolutely. Let him succumb, in an important turn of life, to the influence of others against his better sense and convictions; the great danger is, that he will never recover his lost manliness. Deficiencies or defects caused by negligence, he may repair in a measure by future effort; but a short course of supple compliance with the false maxims that abound, and with the leadership of base and designing companions, inflicts a wound on his true manhood which neither time nor care can heal.

Just at this point let me say that the value of the quality of character we are considering is never more obvious than when one is led to contemplate seriously, and with personal application, his relations to God and the divine government. In no circumstances is it of so much moment to him to act for himself in view of truth and right, and to form the deliberate purpose that, whatever others may think or say, he will obey conscience and God. The lack of precisely that determination of soul has proved the eternal ruin of myriads. How often have one's feet been on the threshold of eternal life, and the fear of others hindered him from the decisive step? Some one writes: "I once stood on a wharf watching a vessel get ready for sea. Topsails and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, ready to be run up. At that moment the pilot sprung

upon the quarter-deck, inquiring, 'All ready?' 'All ready, sir,' was the reply. Rapidly commands were given and obeyed, the vessel began to pay off; but something held her fast. The stern hawser was fouled ashore, and they could not cast it off from the timber-head. 'Cut it then,' was the sharp order. 'Never mind the hawser, cut it, before she loses her way!' A seaman drew his knife across the strands—the rope parted, the vessel forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed, and she filled away." My friend, you may be ready to swing loose from the world and its follies, and set forth on your voyage heavenward; but fear of some companions, an unwillingness to give up some known sin, or to perform some known duty, that lack of true independence and determination of soul, may yet hold you fast to the world and to death. Cut loose, by one blow, whatever hinders, and God speed your way.

One can scarcely exaggerate in setting forth the value of true independence of mind and character in life, especially, I would say, to publicly educated men. An educated man is presumed to have opinions on all important questions of the time. His education, of itself, gives him influence and position, if he employs a common degree of activity and energy, and thus calls into exercise his judgment and all his moral force amid the conflicting interests of society. Men look to him for guidance; he gives tone to public sentiment. If he then would meet his responsibilities as becomes a true

man, and do the good of which the means are in his hand, he must cultivate this high quality.

True independence and firmness of character is needed at all times, to discountenance the narrow partisanship of politics, and to counteract the designs of reckless, self-seeking ambition and covetousness; and so outside of the sphere of political life, amid the heartlessness and selfishness of the world of business or of the professions, in city or country. Said Lord Chesterfield, a man of the world, writing of London life: "I have been on the other side of the scenes. I know what lies beneath and behind. Beautiful to appearance are the world and men, as to the outside show of life;—but, to see as I have seen, the ropes and pulleys of the stage; to have to smell the smouldering tallow candles; and to be annoyed with the oils and paints used for getting up the deceit,—it is enough to sicken us with the thought of the hollowness of all things." Even in such a scene of things, under the benevolent ordering of a wise and holy Providence, "He that followeth after righteousness and mercy, findeth life, righteousness, and honor." "The ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and He pondereth all his goings." "He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly."

Cultivate by every means this ennobling trait of character. You will find it a safeguard. It will fortify you against the wiles and cunning of unscrupulous, designing, self-scheming men. They dare not approach a man clothed with the panoply of tried independence

and virtue. It imparts weight to character. There is in truth no weight of character where it is wanting. The opinions and action of one, who is known to be governed by the law of truth and justice, command respect, even of knaves. His influence is sought, not as that of ordinary men, but on account of its inherent value and weight. "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength."

The basis of a high-toned character is in fixed moral principle, and the only source of pure principle is in the religion of Christ. The fountain of character is in the heart, and that must be right with God to ensure a character in harmony with truth and holiness. The highest style of character springs from the life of God in the soul,—from the spirit of holiness in the centre of our being. Is it not plain, then, that the trait which has been occupying our thoughts in this evening's exercise is strengthened and energized by the power of the gospel of the Redeemer, and not only so, but that it is at once elevated in its tone and has a new value imparted to it, when the grace of God has wrought its full work in the soul? A higher and broader sphere of action is at once opened for its exercise; it comes under the influence of new and holier motives. He who has become a man in Christ Jesus is many times more a man than before. Examples of the most exalted independence and fearlessness are found in the Scriptures. Familiarity with the sacred volume, the daily reading of it, and meditation upon it, tend greatly to purify and elevate the mental and moral character; just as fre-

quent intercourse with good men, by the law of assimilation, tends to improve ourselves in manners and life. An English barrister, accustomed to train students to the Bar, and not himself a religious man, was once asked, why he put students, from the first, to the study and analysis of the most difficult portions of the Scripture. He replied: "Because there is nothing else like it in any language for the development of mind and character." Be persuaded, if Christ is now in you the hope of glory, to be steadfast, unmovable in his service, ever watchful lest you bring reproach on Him and His cause; and if you are yet without this blessed hope, see to it, that you make no compromise with error, or with evil, lest, through your own lack of purpose and resolution, you fail in the great issues of this life and come short at last of life eternal.

REMARKS

By PROFESSOR PACKARD

AT THE CELEBRATION OF HIS 84TH BIRTHDAY BY THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.*

Mr. President,—I could not be more surprised than when I saw in the press notice of the July meeting of the society, mention of the action which has brought us together this evening. I would express my most grateful acknowledgment for the compliment and honor thus done me. When the late eminent Dr. Guthrie, one of the brilliant ornaments of the Scotch church of Edinburgh, on retiring from the pulpit in consequence of ill health, received a testimonial from the churches of Scotland, he wrote a friend: "I suppose some may think that this has blown me up. But no, it has caused me humiliation." In myself, so far from elation by this notice of the society and the circumstances which have attended it, I have felt deep humiliation. I cannot attribute all this to what I have done (that falls so far short of any promise or expectation which such opportunities as I have had would have justified), but to the fact that through Divine blessing, my quiet, uniform manner of life and a firm constitution, almost exempt from sickness or infirmity of any sort, have brought me

*These remarks were made at Portland, December 23, 1882, in reply to words of introduction by Hon. James W. Bradbury, President of the Society. They are taken from the report printed in the Portland Press of December 25th.

to what is considered advanced years. Not to deeds, but to years I owe this distinction.

Human lives, considered in their earthly relations, may be regarded in two aspects, that of anticipation—looking ahead—and that of retrospection—looking back. The child is ever hoping to reach his teens. The Roman boy anticipated with desire when at fifteen or sixteen he should throw down the prætexta and before the praetor, with public ceremonials, surrounded by family and friends, assume the *toga virilis*. None of us can forget the important era in our lives when we cast our first ballot, and so asserted our claim to citizenship and to the rights of a freeman of the Republic and a voice in the nation, and then we look forward to the year when we can represent town or district or state in the legislatures or in Congress, so far always looking forward—ever inclined to increase our score of years. We now enter on a period not so definitely marked when we are less disposed to overcast our years. You remember that in the revolution there was a region above New York on the Hudson, called the Neutral Ground. The traveler was required to answer whether he was from up or down. Much depended on the reply, and there was often doubt whether a true answer was given. So in the circuit of our years we enter on what, in regard to age, may be termed a neutral ground—a zone of uncertainty—we are not quite sure of definite results. Napoleon I. was informed that among the ladies of his court there was a difference as to which should precede in a court ceremonial. That was a

question of rank, and might require search of state or family record—in England a study of Burke's Peerage, or the "Heraldric Journal," perhaps the exploration of the one hundred or more folios of the Record commission. The emperor thought he would settle the difficulty, and ordered that the oldest should precede. It did not settle the case at all. There was at once great hesitation, deference and holding back. No one was willing to assume the dignity and honor of being the oldest lady in the court circle. Some years ago, a witness was placed on the stand in the court in this city. The counsel, for reasons best known to himself, was urgent to ascertain the age of the witness, but his skill could not extort a definite reply. Judge Mellen suggested that it might answer, if she should be put down as of "no particular age."

In due time, however, in spite of dissimulation and any contrivance of ours, age gives decided indications that it is near at hand. The eye becomes less prompt and definite. We repair to the oculist shyly, not that we are growing old, but by incaution we have abused the organ. For a time gray hairs are here and there upon us, and we know it not; but we at length, to our chagrin, perhaps, detect the intrusion. We are consoled by what Herbert Spencer has recently affirmed, that, as one effect of the hurry, restlessness and worriment of American life, gray hairs with us appear ten years earlier than on European heads. He is a man of wide observation, a philosopher; and, though we reject some of his philosophy, we will take that as true

science. It might be a good thing to get up a testimonial to him, gratefully acknowledging his discernment in this matter. We often admire the almond tree flourishing over heads and forms too young for such flowering, still brilliant in their beauty, and active and graceful in movement as ever. We honor them who have allowed nature her own way, not interfering by any art or contrivance. Years roll on and we cannot stay their course. Herbert Spencer questioned the wisdom of the New York constitution which judged it unfitting for its Chancellor, even though he were a Kent, to hold office beyond his sixtieth year. Our own State draws the "death-line" of the supreme bench at seventy. I will not affirm it, but that zone of uncertainty may reach even to that border-line; the reticence and reserve on the troublesome question of age may even there manifest itself. But, ordinarily, we become less sensitive—are more frank and explicit—even, it may be, take some pride in our years. I received a letter a few years ago from a friend, who subjoined to his signature "At the age of eighty-five." He held no reserve.

But we, however, do not welcome the advent of age. This is not unnatural. When we reach this "snowy summit of our years," we know that we shall then descend the farther hill-side of life; our sun is westerning, our shadows lengthen, and we can look not far down where the shades of evening are gathering. Poetry from Homer down deepens the impression of infirmity, decay, decrepitude we attach to old age. Holy Script-

ure teaches us: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore, yet is their strength labor and sorrow," and so the Preacher in Ecclesiastes reminds us of the days when "the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and those that look out of the windows be darkened; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail."

You recall the seven ages of human life as characterized by Shakespeare.

> "The sixth age shifts
> Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
> With spectacles on nose and pouch on side."

And the seventh ends,

> "In second childishness and mere oblivion,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,"

not always verified in experience. The transition from age to age is not violent and sudden. Years roll on, but we hear no rumble; time has wings, but we hear no whir. "Our days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," but they are noiseless. In ordinary health age steals upon us sandaled, velvet-footed. The celebrated Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, when beyond sixty, said he often felt like a boy. A relative of mine at eighty-four told me that when in his chair he felt as young as at twenty-five. My father left unfinished a letter to Mr. Stephen Longfellow in as steady a hand,

as consecutive in thought as any written in earlier life, written a few days before his death, at the age of eighty-seven. On my eightieth birthday it was hinted that I might have callers. I accordingly donned my best array, and as I stood to receive, I will say frankly that I felt as if I was acting a farce and my friends were pleased to join in carrying out an illusion and a pretence. I just spoke of a period of anticipation. The aged have come to a period of retrospection—looking back.

There are compensations for those in advanced years. They have the privilege of thinking that former times were better than the present. From the hill-tops of life how vivid and near seem the scenes of early days. They cherish reminiscences. To refer to myself. It is pleasant to me to review my connection with this society. I cherish the memory of most of its founders and its membership throughout, and what can I say of the reminiscences, very pleasant to me, of the seventy classes of the college that have passed under my eyes.

The world has little to animate hope, or kindle desire for the aged. If believers, their best hopes—best for young as well as old—are beyond. The event of the evening may assure us that whatever of shadow may be cast upon them, advanced years have their sunny aspects also.

I may have seemed to speak with unbecoming levity of what is a most serious subject. I need not say that I feel most deeply the solemnity of treading the outermost verge of the scene. But a step, which must be

very near for me, and the vast immeasurable unseen is just beyond, and my first and greatest duty, as I hope I have realized in some measure for many years, is to be girded for that.

Let me add a word to the society which has thus distinguished me, that whenever I enter this hall I recognize on these shelves the friends of many years. I felt a pang when they were removed from the college, but I congratulate the society that the care of them has come into the custody of the enterprise, and skill, and tastes of younger years.

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*It has been thought fitting to briefly mention the various tributes paid to Prof. Packard, by his numerous friends and pupils, and not included in the preceding pages. The list, however, must not be considered as exhaustive. The compiler has merely noted such as have come beneath his eye. The various Alumni Associations of the college passed at their meetings resolutions of respect, as did also the Maine Historical Society. The personal tributes connected with the latter's celebration of his 84th birthday may be found in the Portland Press of Dec. 25, 1882.

James P. Baxter, Esq. Greeting to the Mentor. A Poem. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Hon. S. H. Blake. Letter. Written for the Historical Society's Celebration.

Hon. James W. Bradbury. Address. Delivered at the Historical Society's Celebration.

President P. A. Chadbourne. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain Address. Delivered at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. Henry L. Chapman. Sonnet. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. Isaac B. Choate. Sonnet. Boston Advertiser, Dec. 23, 1882.

Hon. Josiah Crosby. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Frank L. Dingley, Esq. Article in Lewiston Journal of July 14, 1884.

Edward H. Elwell, Esq. Ode. Sung at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Dr. Edward M. Field. Poem. Delivered before the Bowdoin Alumni of Bangor.

Hon. Wm. P. Frye. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. Frederic Gardiner, D.D. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. W. W. Goodwin. Obituary Notice. Read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Hon. William Goold. Address. Delivered at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. Samuel Harris, D.D. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. Henry W. Longfellow. In *Morituri Salutamus.* Read at the Semi-Centennial of the class of 1825.

Rev. Henry M. King, D.D. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Isaac McLellan, Esq. Poem. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. George F. Magoun, D.D. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. Geo. T. Packard. Biographical Sketch in Boston Advertiser of July 14, 1884.

President G. D. Pepper, D.D. Address. Delivered at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Henry Phillips, Jr. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. Geo. L. Prentiss, D.D. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. J. S. Sewall, D.D. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Prof. J. B. Sewall. Letter. Read at Historical Society's Celebration.

Rufus K. Sewall, Esq. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D. Address Commemorative of Prof. A. S. Packard, D.D. Read before the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York, January 21, 1885. Printed for the Association.

Prof. John B. L. Soule, D.D. Fourscore and four. A Sonnet. Polychords. Chicago, 1882, p. 302.

Hon. Geo. F. Talbot. Address. Delivered at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. Benjamin Tappan, D.D. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Rev. D. D. Tappan. Poem.

A. G. Tenney, Esq. Article in the Brunswick Telegraph of July 18, 1884.

Rev. I. P. Warren, D.D. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Hon. Israel Washburn. Letter. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Hon. Joseph Williamson. Address. Delivered at the Historical Society's Celebration.

Mrs. Abba Goold Woolson. Sonnet. Read at the Historical Society's Celebration.

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